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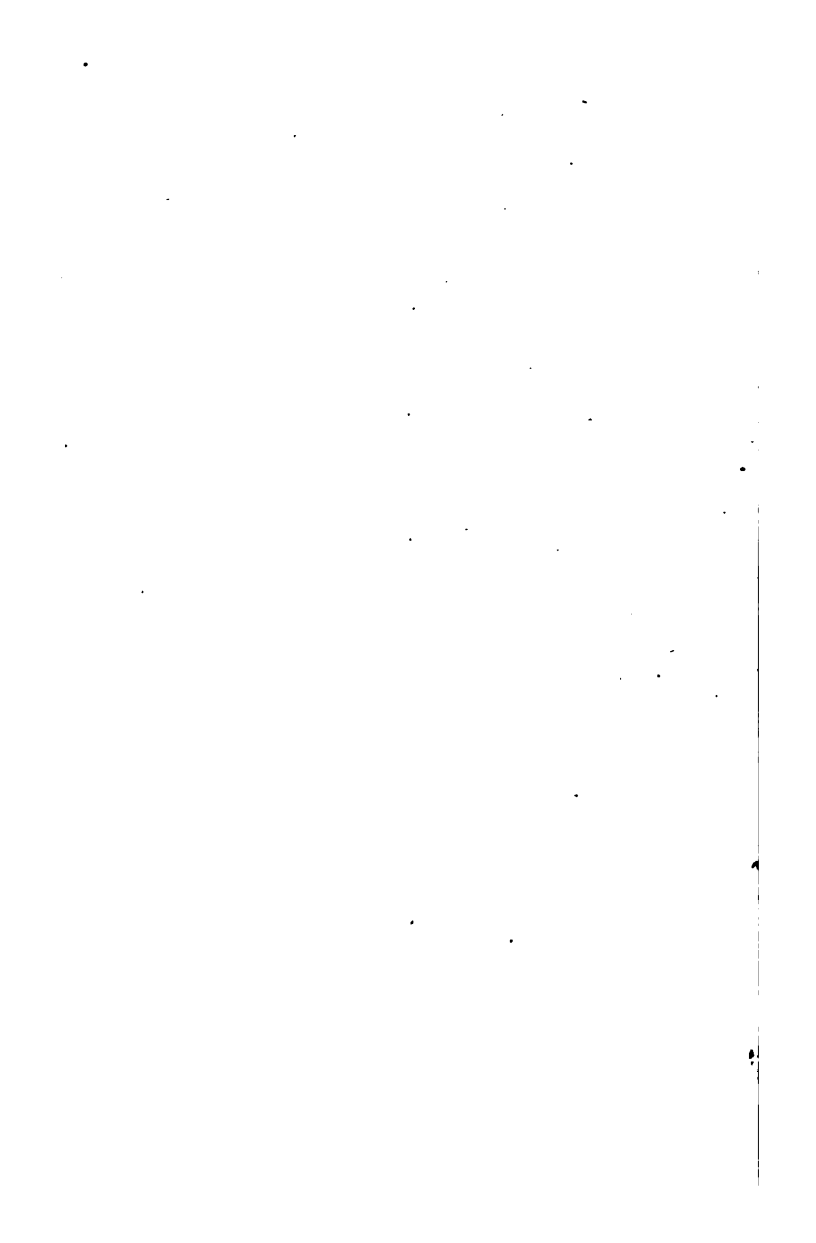
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A N
E S S A Y
ON THE
DEPRAVITY AND CORRUPTION
O F
H U M A N N A T U R E.

[PRICE THREE SHILLINGS.]



A N
E S S A Y
O N T H E
D E P R A V I T Y and C O R R U P T I O N
O F
H U M A N N A T U R E.

WHEREIN THE OPINION OF
LA BRUIERE, ROCHEFOUCAULT, ESPRIT,
SENAULT, HOBBS, MANDEVILLE,
HELVETIUS, &c. on that Subject, are
supported

ON PRINCIPLES ENTIRELY NEW,
A G A I N S T
Mr. D. HUME, Lord SHAFTESBURY,
Mr. STERNE, Mr. BROWN,
And other Apologists for Mankind.

Ab homine homini quotidianum periculum.

SENEC. Epist. 104.

Heav'n's Sov'reign saves all beings but himself,
That *hideous fight*, a naked human heart.

YOUNG.

By THOMAS O'BRIEN MAC MAHON.

L O N D O N :

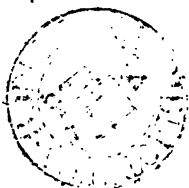
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M DCC LXXIV.

270. q 322.

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P R E F A C E.

THE following essay was first intended by way of explanatory supplement to a much larger work on morality and human nature. But the trouble and expence of publication being certain, and the reception it might meet with uncertain, induced the author to print this shorter treatise first, purposing to publish the other afterwards, if, from the success of the present dissertation, he shall have reason to believe the former may merit any attention. However the other work might suffer by being published without this, the present essay will be little injured by appearing separately as it forms in itself a connected system on the subject proposed to be discussed.

The authors who seem, on the whole, to have viewed mankind, as sunk in nearly the same corruption, which the writer of these sheets endeavours to demonstrate, are seldom quoted, as well because some who have read his manuscript work already mentioned complained of its being too much incumbered with citations and digressions, as because the authors in question scarcely lay down any general principles, confining themselves commonly to detached reflections, expressive of the depravity of human nature. They were therefore of no assistance whatever to the writer of this essay in his plan, which was to establish the actual baseness of the heart of man to explore its causes, and lay open the melancholy consequences that are to be apprehended; or which must necessarily result from so foul a source.

If the late authors who appeared sensible of the profligacy of human nature, we so much lament and contend for, have

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have contented themselves for the most part with supposing the matter of fact without taking any pains to prove or account for it, the modern moralists; who oppose this opinion, argue, if their declamations, however eloquent and ingenious, merit the name of arguments in a still more vague and loose manner.

The subject is, however, of the utmost importance, and ought to be discussed with reflection and impartiality. For besides that there is scarce any investigation in which a man should think himself more interested than in that of his own nature, faculties, and tendencies, a dispassionate inquiry into these matters will moreover, it is thought, lead us to a still deeper sense of gratitude for the inestimable benefit of redemption, and be the most effectual means of keeping us in a constant state of humble dependence on our omnipotent Maker.

P R E F A C E.

For if it shall be proved that man since his fall is sunk into such an abyfs of iniquity, is wrapt up fo intirely in his polluted felf as to be utterly incapable of performing a fingle perfectly good action, though he were to live ten thousand years, and continue every day, during that long period, expatiating till he became hearfe on the beauty of virtue, truth of acting, rule of right, fitnefs of things, &c. it will from thence fpontaneoufly follow, that divesting ourfelves of all confidence in any imaginary ftrength or rectitude of our own, we are to rely folety on him, through whofe preventing grace alone, we can acquire force to accomplifh, or even will any thing really good.

The reader has no right to expect an apology for the fimplicity, inelegance, and often, perhaps, impropriety of ftile in which the following thoughts are delivered. It is but of late they have been

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been much acquainted with purity of diction in England. And, although since the beginning of the present century (not to mention the very few well written compositions of the last, such as those of Clarendon, Temple, and Tillotson) most English publications of note have been unexceptionable in point of language, and that, even now, the productions of a WARBURTON, Hume, Kaims, Johnson, Dalrymple, Burke, Robertson, Phillips, Gerrard, Littleton, Hurd, Leland, Wharton, Goldsmith, and many more, are justly no less admired for the terse, pointed, florid, and eloquent manner in which the writers ordinarily convey their sentiments than they are often for the subtlety and solidity of the sentiments themselves, still, is not the advantage of a brilliant elocution deemed so indispensably necessary, but that works remarkably defective in that particular have sometimes met with a very good reception. For, not to speak of

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Chancellor Bacon, Hobbes, and Harrington's works, together with many other esteemed publications towards the beginning and middle of last century, which, notwithstanding the multitude of exceptions that lye against their stile, are in every bodies hands, it is well known how plainly and heavily Mr. Locke, and how faultily and coarsly, not to say vulgarly, Mr. Mandeville generally expressed themselves, though so near our own time.

Certainly, if defects of this sort are over-looked in any writings, it is in works of science or philosophy they are most intitled to pardon. On such subjects the inquirer, commonly more studious of things than words, seeks among the latter for these only that may convey his meaning with precision; little solicitous about their beauty or arrangement, provided they afford no room for equivocation or misconception. And indeed, even still, most serious and reasonable
readers.

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readers seem to require little more, with respect to diction, in works of argumentation or in such as treat of abstruse matters but tolerable propriety and clearness: and of any considerable failure in the last most essential quality, I mean perspicuity, we have not, it is presumed, given them much cause to complain in the present performance.

What was, however, just said concerning the inferiority of this work in point of diction to the productions of several of the author's cotemporaries, did not proceed from a vain expectation of being able by that or any other confession to deprecate the vengeance of those who shall read it. The novelty and unpopularity of the sentiments and arguments dispersed throughout the essay are, if the book be not thought altogether too contemptible for criticism, sufficient to expose the writer to public resentment, like the late Mandeville. Every Englishman, who shall attack him will

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imagine he is vindicating the cause of his country and of humanity. And had not the author, by the confidence with which he advanced whatever appeared to him founded on truth, and by the respectful notions he every where professes to entertain of whatever relates to religion, done more than enough to excite against him the wrath "of a " wicked and perverse generation," another single circumstance would have, perhaps, produced that effect: and this circumstance is, the present being if not the author's first work at least his first publication.

Every one, not an utter stranger to the malignity of the world, is thoroughly sensible how animated all ranks of men generally are against whoever dares, for the first time, obtrude himself upon their acquaintance, provided always the performance he offers the public be any way tolerable. For strangely base as the following fact will appear, it is nevertheless

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*theless indubitably true, that—it is when a work is best executed, that its author is most detested. Some few words or sentences which may be weak, improper, or liable to be presented in a ridiculous light are then the only noticed, even so as to become a by-word, or standing jest * ; and hundreds of pages, containing nothing exceptionable, shall with all their perfections, be passed over in silence. Let a performance be ill written and unconnected in the manner; common, stolen, and every way despicable trash in the matter, and then the person who wrote it shall be much less abused, slandered and hated; so true and ingenious is the author of the Rambler's observation, when he says: “ It is im-*

* The writer has particularly in view the envious and pitiful *ridicule*, which news-paper critics have taken so much pains for several months past to fasten on a SINGLE passage of Mess. *Johnson and Stevens's* late edition of *Shakespeare*, consisting of TEN LARGE octavo volumes.

“ possible

x P R E F A C E.

“ possible to mingle in any conversation,
“ without observing the difficulty, with
“ which a new name makes its way
“ into the world. The first appear-
“ ance of excellence unites multitudes
“ against it, unexpected opposition rises
“ upon every side; the celebrated and
“ the obscure join in the CONFEDER-
“ RACY.”

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A N
E S S A Y
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D E P R A V I T Y and C O R R U P T I O N
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C H A P T E R T H E F I R S T.

INTRODUCTION—*Man not having the living faith, by which the Creator is loved, with a love of preference, is necessarily wicked, and transfers all his affection to himself.*

G R E A T disputes have arisen of late years, between writers on morality, concerning some of the leading principles, or most important conclusions, of that study. These con-
A teits

tests have been carried on with so much heat, and so little candor, that they are become a sort of national, or religious quarrel. Nothing can well be advanced by *Rochefaucault*, *la Bruiere*, *Esprit*, and other French authors, which is not immediately contradicted by Mr. *Hume*, Lord *Shaftesbury*, Mr. *Sterne*, or some other British apologist, for the corrupt heart of man. No proposition is so long established, or has been so solidly demonstrated in Italy and France, relative to the vast depravity of human nature, unmeliorated by sanctifying grace, but in England we of late find it stigmatized with the names of *spleen*, *misanthropy*, and *falsehood*. To hear these apologists speak, there is necessarily no corruption or baseness *whatever*, in the general conduct of men, even when not supposed partakers of the purifying grace, merited for us by our Redeemer. From which tenet it will follow, that the Mediator died *gratis*: that we have no absolute need to supplicate him, to deliver us from all *evil* (from *sin* principally, by far the greatest) since, notwithstanding our forefather's transgression,

sion, our nature is still *erect*, and not of itself incapable of goodness: and that, there is little or no occasion for his omnipotent hand to lead us to virtue, as it is possible for us to arrive at it without him.

These shocking conclusions, which immediately follow from the worse than *Pelagian* doctrine we oppose, are qualified by those who support them in effect, by maintaining principles that necessarily lead to them,—they are, I say, honored with the ill-merited appellations of *urbanity, good humor, enlarged notions, social love, or regard for the dignity of our nature.*—But the pretended love of mankind these writers boast of, when they seduce their brethren by such false and pernicious adulation, is, as a certain author on a like occasion terms it, the love of courtiers, not that of christians*. It is selling them the poisonous copper of *flattery*, for the pure gold of *fraternal reproof*. They have deceived

* *Charitas ista charitas aulicorum est non christianorum, &c.*

people by *beatifying them*—by proclaiming loudly that their irrational desires were not at all in arms against them; by telling them, there is no material difference between the slavery of Egypt, under the tyranny of the passions, and the freedom we enjoy, when, our oppressors being overwhelmed through the goodness of God, we are at liberty to put ourselves wholly under the guidance of his luminous and fortifying grace.—They have *placed cushions under their readers arms*; —and, like the false prophets, enveighed against in the *Lamentations*, *they dreamt* of vain and lying merits and perfections in human nature, and diverted their indigent fellow creatures, from humbly begging at *the foot of the cross*, for virtues, which they neither had, nor ever shall be able to acquire otherwise.

Were that wonderful dialectitian and moralist *Nicole* living, these unchristian attempts would not be made by such puny reasoners, as the late authors we complain of; or, at least, would not have been so often made with impunity.

But

But these errors are not confined to books: for as those who have once departed from truth, in any *essential point*, are for ever sinking from a deep precipice to a deeper; so in the present case, public teachers of note were not ashamed lately, to declare themselves, even in their *pulpits*, professed vindicators of, and encomiasts on, the *unjustified race of Adam*.

Although, from his infancy, *all a man's thoughts are turned to evil*; that *power*, and *ultimately self-applause*, are the objects he pursues incessantly, and with all his might; although his bowels must, on that account, (as we have elsewhere already in part shewn*) be full of cruelty towards his species; and that nothing but a victorious grace from God, can recall him from seeking his corrupt *self* in every action; these great truths, so well supported by express testimonies from scripture, delivered down to us by the wise preachers of the christian faith, confirmed by the reasoning and experience of succeeding times, respected and admitted heretofore by the heterodox themselves, are,

* In a work not yet published.

this century, traduced and opposed, with the most shameless effrontery, by several eloquent and ingenious, though inconsiderate authors in Great Britain, who are daily torturing their imaginations, to find out sophisms, that may exalt *man*, and depress *God*. For, to what else tend so many efforts made to prove, that human nature, even considered in an *unjustified state*, is not full of every sort of corruption, but to insinuate, that there is not all that necessity for the grace of our Saviour Jesus Christ to rectify it, which the holy fathers and other judicious persons have constantly maintained? The few moralists, who, in England, still adhere to the good old principles, on the present question, after the example of *Hobbes* and *Mandeville*, and who, however sincerely they may love their fellow-creatures and themselves, refuse nevertheless to flatter them at the expence of the glory of their Creator's grace, of the veracity of holy-writ, and every other sort of evidence—these are all of late branded with the odious names of *man-haters*, *enthusiasts*, and *enemies to the species*.

But

But they who malign them thus, are themselves real *enemies to the cross of Christ*; whose virtue they *implicitly* detract from, as often as they deny that *all men are liars*, unless rendered true by its efficacy: that without the graces derived from it, *the ways of all flesh are necessarily corrupt and abominable*: that when one is not *nailed* to it, he can have no other occupation but *feeding swine*, that is, his beastly appetites, *in a distant country*, or building up the *confused tower* of his own *self-conceit*.

Yet so little do these writers seem sensible of all this, that nothing is heard among them, on every side, but long discourses on the imaginary *gentleness, moderation, benevolence, humanity, and charity* of MAN—of GOD not a sentence; though whether they acknowledge, or *indirectly* contest it, it is no less certain that, without being a constant debtor to his munificence, their miserable, *praise-deluded man* cannot possess an atom of these, or any other valuable qualities. We are deafened once a month, or oftener, with the *mock-goodness* of *Titus, Trajan, Antoninus, Aristides*, and a mul-

fitude of other impious persons, whom God has eternally rejected. So that until these writers shall prove to us, that they are *better* informed, of what *essentially* constitutes goodness, than the Lord, or that he condemns the good to everlasting misery, we must continue, after our ancient doctors, to assert, that the men in question *were not*, nor, *without faith*, *could not* be good, and that those who of late so much extol them, suffered themselves to be deceived by the *appearance* of virtues, which their boasted good men did not *really* possess.

But should our adversaries answer, that it is our business first to prove the reprobation of the above personages, before we call upon them to support the assertions relative to their *goodness*: in this they can be readily indulged, as we have only to refer them to the scriptures, where, in every page it is declared, First, that without God *one can do nothing*, that is, nothing meritorious of salvation.

Secondly, That God is *not* with a man who has not faith; therefore such a man can do nothing meriting salvation.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, That doing nothing meritorious of salvation, he is not a good and faithful servant, but a bad one; a slave to the devil; an accursed, perverse, wicked, hateful, ignominious vessel of wrath.

From these principles, every where to be met with in scripture, in the same, or equivalent terms, it will necessarily follow, that *Titus*, to single him out particularly, because our adversaries often insist on the sham rectitude of his conduct, when they argue, or rather declaim, against the religious, and but too-experimentally evident, account we have of man's utter depravity—we must, I say, infer from the above propositions so frequently repeated in holy-writ, and which manifestly admit of none but the most literal interpretation, that *Titus*, for instance, not having *faith*, had not *God*—and not having *God*, could not be *good*: but that, on the contrary, he must have been an abominable *self-worshipper*, transferring the *love of preference*, due by so many titles to the Creator, *on himself*; doing every thing *finally* for himself; and thus became a most sacrilegious

legious idolater, by setting up the unworthy idol of *self*, and adoring it instead of Almighty God.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Not finding the expected happiness in himself, after he had withdrawn his love from his Maker, he hopes to attain to it by the assistance of the Creatures,—and how.

MAN having descended, by the gradations briefly pointed out in the last chapter, to such a deplorable abyss of corruption, as to seek his chief good or happiness *in himself* and *by himself*, independantly of *him*, who is *essential goodness*, immediately feels a frightful, and almost entire deprivation of that felicity, he presumptuously expected to attain, by contemplating, like his Maker, *his own perfections*. His perfections, however exaggerated by his complaisant

plaisant imagination, are far from affording him that *rest* or *satisfaction in himself*, which he vainly hoped they would. Not finding then in himself, on whom he had transferred his affection, that *complete happiness*, which God alone can confer, he goes in quest of it, among a variety of *exterior objects*, which, when on trial he has found also insufficient for his purpose, he at once changes to search for others, never despairing to arrive by one method or another, at the thorough felicity for which he was created, and which, as we said, God *alone* could have communicated.

When I asserted a man expects exterior objects will aid him, in his search after the happiness, which, so soon as he forms a judgment on his condition, he, at the same instant, perceives himself not yet in the possession of, or at least not so *thoroughly*, as to quiet his unbounded desires, I would not be understood to have meant, he could possibly sink *so low*, as to fancy them outward things, *agents* in the *last act*, by which, according to him, his felicity is
to

to be for ever completed. No—he still retains too just a sense of his *original dignity*, to expect complete enjoyment, in any thing else than *himself*, or by any thing but *his own operation*. This operation, I suppose, every one will immediately apprehend to be an act of the *understanding*, man's principal part, and from any thing inferior to, or less intimate than, which, it is impossible, a rational creature can hope for the final completion of his felicity *. But the intire satisfaction he, as was said, failed of, on his first taking an intellectual

* *Boetius's* definition (if he intended it as one) of *felicity*, when in his third book he says it is "*status omnium bonorum congregatione perfectus*," is not *contrary* to what metaphysicians and divines demonstrate, and which we supposed in the text, *viz.* that happiness consists in a *perfect operation of the mind*. For, as subtle reasoners have already well remarked, the consul only meant to take notice of what was to be found in a state of thorough bliss, without having any purpose to determine precisely the *essence* of supreme enjoyment, or by what particular action or passion man possesses it, which is the object of the latter by *far more exact* definition.

when

view of himself, he hopes to render thoroughly complete by *means* of the other created beings. These are then to be used only as *supplementary helps*, or *additions* to that portion of satisfaction, he already enjoys: and from the *union of both*, he expects his happiness will become round and perfect. It is not, after all, *in them*, he places, or from them he expects happiness, it is *in himself*, with their *assistance*. It is not in a passive *dependance* on, but much rather in an *absolute superiority* over them, he makes his well-being to consist. The operation from which he so impatiently waits his full satisfaction, he well judges, is not to come from beings that are not parts of his substance, but from himself. And this operation is no other than an act of the understanding. This expected act of the mind, may be formed into the following syllogism. “ *To apprehend myself perfect,*
“ *as I now do, I must want nothing: but*
“ *one who, like me, is obeyed by all crea-*
“ *tures is in no want: therefore I judge*
“ *myself perfect.*” To arrive at the unattainable condition, expressed by the fore-

Foregoing faulty argument, a man, I again repeat it, on the failure of the testimony of his own understanding in his favour, begs the *co-operation* of other rational and irrational creatures, not in order to be happy *in* or *by*, but only *with* them. Thus, for example, a conqueror, in pursuit of empire, cannot imagine the extensive dominions, when subdued, will render him happy; for this would be making the desired good an *agent*, and himself only a *patient* in the transaction: whereas felicity necessarily consists in a *perfect act* of the understanding. What the supposed ambitious person expects, on acquiring the sovereignty, or other proposed temporal advantage is, that on being in peaceable possession of this object of his wishes, his understanding shall thereby be enabled to pronounce or *apprehend* him *completely happy*. And it is in this *judgment* or *determination of the mind*, that felicity is *essentially* and *finally* to *consist*.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Disappointed in the hopes he had formed of being made happy by the creatures, which at no time he can ever love but for his own sake, he conceives sentiments of extreme wrath and hatred against them.

IN the first chapter we have seen man unenlightened by faith, consequently not animated by *charity*, refusing to take the Creator for his *chief good*, and turning away from that spirit, who, being infinitely perfect, could alone satisfy his *infinite* desires. In the same place, we found him seeking the accomplishment of these infinite desires *in and by himself*, though he be only a *finite* creature. In the second chapter we took notice of his falling *very short* of the expected felicity, after his desertion from God, and conversion towards *himself*. We also observed the thorough sense he immediately entertained of his failure;
his

his then begging the *assistance* of *other* creatures, hoping, by the supplies his wants will receive from them, to find himself *easy* at last, and in full possession of that happiness, which must ever be defective and insufficient, while the *least* of his innumerable desires remains unsatisfied. We are now to consider his *negotiations* with these creatures, how he is affected towards *them*, and with what sentiments they look on *him*.

Mortified and dejected, on not finding in *himself* the repose he expected, man at first becomes an *humble suiter* to all the objects of sense, piteously crying out to them, like *Esau*, to *fill* him with whatever portions of good they possess, that, by the union of so many goods, his desires may at length, by being satisfied, become *quieted*, and himself consequently *happy*. He persuades himself, these creatures *can* in fact afford the important helps to *thorough felicity*, he applies to them for. He also cherishes hopes that as they, according to him, have the *power*, so they will have the *inclination*, to lend him their assistance. Without these hopes he could not at all
proceed

proceed to action ; hope of attaining to a desired advantage being the *impulsive* cause to all *motion*.

Expecting then, at first, a hearty compliance with his inclinations, in the inferior beings we spoke of, man, it must be confessed, is, *in the beginning*, moved with *some* good-will towards creatures, from whom, he promises himself such vast advantages. But this affection, if at any time it deserves that name, is of very short duration, as we shall soon see. Even while it may continue, nothing can be less disinterested.

Man having withdrawn his affection from his Maker, *must necessarily* transfer it on *himself*. His own existence, unity, preservation, and well-being must *now* engross his whole solicitude. This is not man's case alone: *all* existences whatever, not in a state of grace or beatitude, manifesting their chief, and in a manner, only concern, each after its own way, about their individual being, preservation, unity of their several substances, as well as about the modes of existence most suitable, or (among such as are endowed with understanding)

B

appre-

apprehended most agreeable to their nature. Thus, to instance in the insensible creation, fire tends naturally to maintain itself in being; to enlarge and communicate itself, in order to be farther removed from *non-existence*; and to ascend, as being a mode of existence more suitable to it, than to descend.

Not only, then, all irrational and inanimate creatures, tending principally to advance their own well-being, but *all* rational ones, without a *supernatural grace*, making themselves the centres of every deliberate action—the angular stones of every edifice, whatever *pure or disinterested regard* a man may profess for friends, relations, and others, he can never love them for their sake, but *for his own*. Considered in *themselves*, and as independant of, or unconnected with him, *indifference*, or rather *aversion* are the only sensations they excite; but while he views them as *means* that may contribute to his happiness, they are then, it is true, *for a while*, pleasing and dear to him. Thus, a person thinking himself in want of a laborer, while the sense of that want continues, looks on
the

the workman, who comes to offer him his service, with eyes of benevolence. People even not only with the being, but also the well-being of creatures, not of their own species, while they apprehend them advantageous to themselves. The horse to be employed for a journey, the coat to be used for a covering, the bread one pressed with hunger, is about to eat, raise no inimical emotions, but the contrary in those, whose real or imaginary necessities they are going to relieve. But this good-will, either towards rational or irrational creatures, *
is

* It was purposed to inquire into man's conduct towards the *irrational* and *inanimate* part of the creation ; his constant attempts to rule over them, and subject them to his uncontrouled caprice ; to point out his sensations, on finding himself successful or disappointed, in the whole or in part of these endeavours, &c. &c. But not knowing how inquiries of this sort would be received, we postponed the publication of our sentiments on that head, as we have done of another moral work, mentioned in the preface, and have confined ourselves, in the present treatise, solely to the consideration of the *tyranny* fought for, with unremitting ardor, by

is by no means *lasting*, for the following reasons :

Man, disappointed of thorough felicity *in himself*, is still more so, when he seeks it *out of himself*. Were it possible he could arrive at the *fulness* of content he is in quest of, it would be more natural to expect it from himself *solely*, than from the often uncertain, always trivial contributions, extorted from the creatures about him, whom, notwithstanding, he is every day courting, for some *scraps* of the little good they possess, though none of the beings our man is thus perpetually suing to, be any of them *superior* to himself in substance, neither are any of them so intimately connected with his own individual nature, and therefore not such lively representations to him of that *unity*, from which content is derived, and augmentments in proportion as people approach towards the aforesaid *happiness-confer-*

every man, in opposition to the rest of his species, together with some of the most important consequences resulting from these unjust pursuits : these being matters, in which we all appear to be *more immediately* interested.

ring

ring unity. But to avoid *metaphysics* as much as possible, and come to the proof of my proposition, relative to the *shortness of time*, that man's regard for any other creature, can possibly subsist, on which so many of the subsequent conclusions and observations in this essay are built—I say then, in as clear terms as I am able, that none of the outward things, among which we lately left our ill-fated man gathering up *remnants* of felicity, being ever able to satisfy his immense capacity for happiness, which he becomes thoroughly sensible of, soon after he has been for some time in the enjoyment of one or more of them, he abandons such, whose inability to render him completely happy, he has experienced, and betakes himself to the pursuit of some object or objects, where he *yet* hopes to find that long desired, though always unattainable, happiness. Now we already acknowledged that exterior creatures, such as men, women, &c. while a person continues to *fancy* their society will be productive of satisfaction to him, are kindly treated by him, though never as was already said

for their sakes, but *his own*. No sooner, however, does he perceive how void and unsatisfied they still leave his heart, but he casts them off *disgusted*, and always, if he thinks he has power to do it with safety to himself, wreaks his *vengeance* on them, for not conferring the happiness he expected, and which, they had not the ability to communicate.

Nothing, certainly, can be more unjust than the displeasure thus conceived by a man, against *every* rational and irrational creature about him, however dear to him lately, because, forsooth, he experienced an inanity in them, which, if he had not wilfully blinded himself, he would have been sensible, was the case *without trial*, and therefore would have neither expected nor looked for any thing else, nor indeed have had further connection with them, but what he could not well avoid. Yet so astonishingly unreasonable in his conduct, is every son of the *presumptuous Adam*, that this man will now infallibly do every being within his reach all the *mischief* he possibly can, because they did

did not bestow a *fulness of satisfaction* on him, which they had not themselves, and of which, perhaps, they had scarcely a *confused* idea.—But not to leave our adversaries room to accuse us of running on, after their own method, with many words and few reasons, let us return to the argument, and endeavour to illustrate still more what was affirmed, to wit, that such of us as are not purified by the Holy Ghost's residing in us, must necessarily be *enemies* to all creatures, as well to the irrational and inanimate, as to those of our own species, of whom alone we are to treat in this essay.

hour the slightest doubt, but all his vast expectations will be answered, in the most *ample manner*. Thus far, he and these creatures live in a state of *tolerable* harmony. Woe to such, however, as have any reliance upon it. It was an union founded on the most *stupid* error, and will end, if he be not destitute of *power*, in the most wanton *injustice*. For no sooner does a man discover, the object or objects, from whom he waited for such *wonderful* satisfaction, either administer him no content at all, or not near so much as he *expected*, but his former tenderness towards them vanishes, and leaves room for a most excessive *anger*, and consequently a most violent desire of *revenge*. Many causes concur to render the hatred, or anger rather, we speak of, extreme. Here are some of the principal :

First, Disappointment makes a person dissatisfied with himself, and *disposes* him to be so with others.

Secondly, Hatred, as Tacitus well observes, will be only the *more virulent*, for its being ill-founded and unreasonable.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, Our man is not yet convinced but them exterior objects *might* have rendered him happy; and that they in fact did *not*, he imputes to *ill-will* or *contempt*, not to inability. Now scorn or ill-will (for all ill-will implies more or less contempt) are the very *direct movers* to anger. And this last passion impels, as every one knows, to the *destruction* of whatever gave rise to it. That is, a person in anger, in order to recover that regard and consideration, of which he thinks himself *unjustly deprived* by disdain, must, according to the *natural impulse* of the passion, endeavour that the object, by which he fancies himself offended, should either *not be*, or should *be miserable*; and moreover, that this non-existence or misery should be *his own proper* work. For then only, does he believe, he has really recovered the rank he held in his own eyes, when by his *own* strength he annihilates, or renders the being *miserable*, that sought to degrade him from it. Such is the tendency of anger in *every stage*—allowing no doubt, as in all other inclinations, so in this, for the *greater*
or

or *lesser* eagerness it may proceed with, proportioned to the degree of emotion, it is actually agitated by. We do not mean to call in question or confound the *more* or *less*, in all human inclinations whatsoever, whether virtuous or vicious; nor to contend, that the passion now under examination, in particular, flies to its gratification, with such rapid vehemence, when weak or in its infancy, as when full grown, and arrived at thorough maturity. We insist, nevertheless, its direction is always the *same*.—We contend—whether it moves as yet, on slow and uncertain wings, or whether well fed, vigorous and keen in the pursuit, it outrides the winds—that *ravage* and *destruction* are equally the points it aims at, by the chase*. Resentment is never so feeble, but that, though its maw may not *totally* devour, its talons will at least *transfix*, and *lacerate* its prey. From *carnage*

* *Sophocles* says, nothing but *death* can satisfy his passion, or to deliver his sense more literally, can render it old:

“Θυμῷ γῆρας ὅθεν ἄλλο ἐστὶ πλὴν θανεῖν.”

alone,

alone, does it expect *satiety* : and to carnage it always darts, with an impetuosity of flight, corresponding to the degree of its enmity. This, — I repeat it once more, — is its direct *tendency* ; for all passions have tendencies and movements as *natural* and *necessary*, as any celestial or terrestrial bodies ; as are these, for example, by which heavy pieces of matter, descend, when not obstructed, to the center : and each passion in particular, has its own *uniform, stated* motion, from which it no more departs, than the sun, moon, and other heavenly bodies do, from theirs.

To the above motives to anger and revenge, we may add a *fourth*, to wit, that the sight of creatures by whom, or rather in whom, a man experienced so mortifying a disappointment, would be productive of infinite humiliation to him. For he would be reminded thereby, either that he *mistook* the means of his happiness, which must be painful, because, these reflections tend to convict him of a *defect* of understanding, which, as well as the sense of all other defects or imperfections, is certainly
not

not a little disagreeable; or rather, they would be perpetual memorials of his want of *power*, to *compel* them to afford the enjoyment he expected, and which they, he imagines, might have bestowed. But want of power being also a *defect*, the recollection, that the aforesaid creatures were the occasions, if not causes, of a man's being exposed to such mortifications, would accelerate their ruin.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

Had he power he would soon destroy every creature he had any connection with, through vexation at the disappointment, mentioned in the two last chapters.

IN opposition to what we said last, it may perhaps be demanded, if a man only looks on a creature as a means to, or part of, the felicity he expects, and therefore, even according to us, loves it, no matter now whether for its sake or his own, why may he not be supposed to consider it, for a *long continuance* of time, as advantageous to his present or future welfare; and therefore not, as we contend, *immediately* pass from a state of some sort of, at least interested and selfish, love towards it, to one of disgust and hatred?

I answer—I do not take upon me to determine, how *long* a man's good-will towards any set of creatures may continue; but I think, from the principles
laid

laid down above, it will follow, that this affection must be *very transitory*. It is true, it may often subside, and often again revive: but to remain for any considerable time in *vigor* seems *impossible*.

Man enters into connections with the beings about him, with such *wild* expectations, that as these beings must for ever fail, in answering the *impossible* hopes conceived of them, so must he be *for ever* moved with grief, and vexation, at every disappointment. He may make repeated trials of the *same* creature or creatures, with the same necessary, though foolish, imagination of receiving beatitude from them, but these renewed trials, being still attended with no better success than the former ones, serve only to exasperate him *still more and more*.

Perhaps (though he does not establish such *principles* as we go upon, or indeed few principles at all) it was considerations of this sort, that induced Monsieur *la Bruïere* to affirm: there is *no one*, so closely united to us, by friendship or love, but has, through attachment

ment to his own interest, *very near dispositions* to break with us, and become our enemy*.

That this enmity not only may, but that it also *must*, happen, has already, I imagine, been satisfactorily proved. That it will also *soon* happen, will, I think, easily follow from the arguments used to support the former propositions. However to prove this last member (though it be very little essential to our past or future reasoning) still more directly,——

Man is not only desirous of thorough happiness, but he is also in the *utmost impatience* to enjoy it *immediately*. Felicity being the *perfection of his nature*, the end, at which *every* deliberate action or

* Mons. la Bruyere's own words being still stronger and fuller, we shall insert them in the original: " Il n'y a *personne au monde* si bien liée avec nous de société et de bien veillance, qui nous aime, qui nous goûte, qui nous fait mille offres de services, et qui nous sert quelquefois; qui n'ait en soi par l'attachement à son intérêt *des dispositions très-proches* à rompre avec nous, et à devenir notre ennemi."

Caracteres, p. 201, Par. 1714, onz. edit.

C

thought

thought of his must aim, whatever object gives rise to the extravagant conceit, that it will afford him happiness, among the other idle hopes it raises, produces that also of causing in a person a confidence, that this happiness will thereby be *very soon* completed. He who, as we have seen, indulged the monstrous notion of finding happiness where it never was, will not hesitate, in his hope of meeting it, at the first or second search. The *first* error is by far the grosser, and more repugnant to sound sense. As then he found means to swallow that, the other will go down without difficulty. And though he every day fails in *both* expectations, that is in finding happiness in creatures, and finding it in them suddenly, yet, as every one observes, his ardor in the pursuit, cannot be, *in the least*, checked thereby. The only effect these disappointments have upon him, is to oblige him, on missing his chief good in *one* street, to look for it in *another*, with still the same sanguine hopes of finding it *certainly*, and in a *little time*, at the place to be *next* tried.

It

It is the *understanding*, that is *primarily* employed in this *chace*, at least, inasmuch as it presents objects to the *will*, which last moves towards them, according as it apprehends them *good*, compelling the *understanding* to the choice of the properest *means* of arriving at their possession. But neither *understanding* nor *will*, can apprehend many objects at the same time; the former being limited to the determination of the *truth* of a *single* matter, as the latter is to the sense it has of its *goodness*. Now the understanding and will, or, to say all in one word, man, adhering to some exterior object and expecting bliss from it, finds his hopes *soon* frustrated, in the manner more than once explained, which disappointment he imputing, as we have shewn, principally to a *want of inclination*, in the object, to promote his welfare, must be moved with *indignation* against it, and must in consequence aim at its *destruction*, and indeed *at once* actually destroy it, if not prevented by *fear*, or some other modification of *self-love*, from *instantly* putting

his avenging purposes into execution*.

Should

* *Maximus Tyrius* gives a true and lively, though perhaps over verbose description, of the horrid enmity and confusion, which the jarring passions of mankind *incessantly occasion*, between countrymen, intimates, and kindred. To prevent the lamentable mischiefs, the clashing whims and vices of men bring upon one another, he prescribes no remedy, but *friendship*. But, alas! such a virtue, cannot, as we shall, God willing, shew, in a subsequent work, take up its residence, among the wicked. Even the very shadow of that desirable affection, is not seen above once in three or four hundred years. So that if we are to find no security among, or lasting good-will from each other, until the *exalted friendship*, he talks of, becomes *universal*, our case is desperate indeed: it being, as was just said, *impossible* for us, to learn the practice of *that*, or *any other virtue*, in the school of this world. Ah, why then did not the afore-said writer, hit upon the only method, of putting a period to the *cruel war*, perpetually waged *for trifles*, between man and man, which he has depicted so pathetically? This only method is a serious application to our God and Saviour, that he may inspire us with *meekness*, and *unfeigned* brotherly love. He *alone* can commu-
-nicate

Should he wait to receive, on a second or third trial, that enjoyment in

nicate these virtues: and until he does,—though we may learn their names—discourse of them—write of them—define them—yet, shall we be never able to PRACTICE them;—and shall, therefore, never long enjoy peace with others, or ourselves.—But to return to *Maximus Tyrius*.—His melancholy account of our atrocious crimes, inconstancy to, and shocking treatment of one another, is as follows: “ οὐκ ἔνι ὀφελος φιλίας ἀτίκῃς, ἀλλὰ πάντα ὑπελα καὶ σαθρὰ καὶ ἄπιστα καὶ διαβεβρωμένα, μετὰ φθόνης καὶ ὀργῆς καὶ ἀπειροκαλίας, καὶ φιλοχρηματίας καὶ φιλοδοξίας. καὶ τὴν λοιπὴν ἐλλάδα ἐπέπῃς, ἀφθονίαν ὄψει σκυδρωπῶν διηγημάτων ἀνδρὰ ἀνδρὶ συμπετιωκότα, καὶ πόλιν πόλει, καὶ γένῳ γένει, ἢ τὸ δωρικὸν τῷ ἰωνικῷ μόνον, ἐδὲ τὸ βοιωτικὸν τῷ ἀττικῷ, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἰῶνας ἰῶσι, καὶ δωρίας δωριεῦσι, καὶ βοιωτὲς βοιωτοῖς συμπίπτοντας, καὶ ἀθηναίους ἀθηναίοις, καὶ θηβαίους θηβαίοις, καὶ κορινθίους κορινθίοις, συγγενεῖς καὶ συνεῖς, πολεμίς, πάντας πᾶσιν ἐπιτιθεμένους, τὰς ὑπὸ τον αὐτὸν ἥλιον καὶ τὸν αὐτὸν αἰθέρα καὶ τὸν αὐτὸν νόμον, καὶ τὴν αὐτὴν φωνὴν ἰέντας, καὶ τὴν αὐτὴν γῆν νεμομένους, καὶ καρπὲς τὰς αὐτὰς σιτεμένους, καὶ μυστήρια τὰ αὐτὰ τελεμένους· ἕς περιβάλλει τεῖχῳ ἐν καὶ πόλιν μία, πολεμούντας, σπενδομένους ὀμνύντας, ἐπιορκούντας· συντιθεμένους, μετατιθεμένους· καὶ προφάσεις μικρὰς μεγάλων μακρῶν· οἷς γὰρ ἂν τὸ φιλεῖν τῆς γνώμης ἐκπύσῃ, πάντα ἤδη ἀξιοχρεά κινεῖν ὀργὴν καὶ ταράττειν.”

the aforeſaid object, he miſſed of on the firſt, then indeed, this ſame object becomes *again* dear to him, and continues ſo, while he yet conceives hopes, of its affording him the deſired happineſs. Nevertheless there is no doubt, but ſooner or latter, grown deſperate with ſo many vain trials, and ſuch corroding repulſes, he will, if at all in his power, make it account with a moſt barbarous ſeverity, for diſappointments, which, in juſtice, he ought to impute *only* to himſelf.

I ſay, the creature *now* grown ſo *odious* in his eyes, for not anſwering his impoſſible expectations, is notwithstanding *intirely* blameleſs. For, though by its exiſtence, and the other advantages it may have been adorned with, it certainly poſſeſſes beauty or goodneſs, in ſome *inferior* degree, yet is it altogether the man's own fault, to miſtake thus *groſſly*, that ſmall portion of beauty or goodneſs he diſcovered in it, for the *ſupreme* goodneſs he was in ſearch of. And therefore, when he pours down his vengeance on it, which he always does, at leaſt in *deſire*, if checked by
love

love of self-preservation, from doing so in *fact*, he punishes it for mistakes and faults, committed *solely* by himself.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

His acquaintance, wife, children, and other near kindred would probably fall the first victims, to his revenge— Another reason, why every man is an enemy to his whole species—because they are all his rivals, in the love of absolute power.

IN the last chapter we left our man full of *rage* against, and meditating *revenge* on, every one, upon whom, he may, at any time, have built *airy* notions of felicity. Such as he is most acquainted with, or who are connected to him most closely, by the ties of blood, or what they call friendship, are those who have *most reason* to dread his wrath; because, on account of these same con-

nections and intimacies, *more* was expected from them *.

It is not but *all* creatures whatsoever, have the utmost cause, to apprehend

* Sensible authors have not thought, they were indulging themselves, in vague and exaggerated flourishes of rhetoric, when they rightly observed, that *wild beasts* spare those of their own kind, and such as are nearly connected to them, by the ties of active or passive procreation, &c. but that *man's rage* alone, cannot be checked by considerations of kindred and friendship : " Apud homines tantum, nec a necessariis quidem *rabies* temperat sibi," says *Seneca*, in his treatise on clemency.

The cautious and judicious *St. Augustin*, in the *City of God*, declares, no *savage brute* is more cruel than man, left to pursue the dictate of his own inclination, that is, whose innate propensity to evils of every sort, and, among the rest, to *massacring wrath*, has not been removed, through the interposition of his Maker's rectifying grace : " fera nulla immanior est HOMINE, si suis AFFECTIBUS relinquatur."—And again, in the same work ; —" Neque unquam inter se *Leones* aut inter se *Dracones*, qualia inter se HOMINES bella gesserunt."

Vide, si lubet, *Horat. epod. 7. Juvenal. sat. 15, vers. 159, et sequen. Plin. præm. lib. 7.*

every

every sort of ill-treatment from him, for there are none so abject and contemptible, to whom he will not, in their turn, become an humble *petitioner* for *sovereign enjoyment*, and whom he will not look upon, as his *declared enemies*, for not conferring it. And therefore *Xerxes* venting his fury on the inanimate sea, because he fancied it thwarting his desires, betrayed no more madness on that occasion, than *every other person* would have experienced, if not openly shewn in *similar* circumstances. The great *Cyrus* is no where charged with more frenzy, than is implied in the very idea of all passions, without exception, when they arrive at any uncommon *height* *. Yet, not only *Herodotus*

* It is usual with shallow people, on hearing of any vivid action or expression, proceeding from some violent passion, with which they do not then feel themselves affected, or not nearly in so high a degree,—to treat such words or actions, as downright *madness*, and those who uttered or performed them as *lunatics*. But this will, on a little reflection, appear a visible absurdity; for no one was ever yet *superlatively*
 eminent

dotus relates, but *Seneca*, in his third book on anger confirms, that so immoderate

eminent either in the field or in literature, who was not replete with *extraordinary* notions, and did not, at times, launch out into actions, which, however uncommon, were no otherwise *extravagant*, than by being the result of some *over-vehement* inclination. It is of this matter of fact, I mean of persons sometimes passing for fools, who talk or act under the direction of an *extreme* love of glory, power, or any other object, that father *Mallebranche* may be understood to speak, when he says : “ Pour être fou dans
 “ l'esprit des autres, il n'est pas nécessaire qu'on
 “ le soit effectivement. Il suffit de penser ou de
 “ voir les choses *autrement* qu'eux : car si tous
 “ les hommes croïoient être comme des *coqs*,
 “ celui qui se croiroit *tel qu'il est*, passeroit certainement pour un *insensé*.”

Récherche de la vérité, tome troisième,
 page 34, edit. de Paris 1677.

Voiez le même dans le second tome, page 284.

Mr. *Hobbes* speaks still more clearly, when, in the eighth chapter of the first part of *Leviathan*, he observes, that, “ to have *stronger* and *more*
 “ *vehement* passions for any thing, than is *ordinarily* seen in others, is that which men call
 “ *madness*.—

“ —But

derate was that conqueror's vexation, at one of his favourite horses being drowned in the river *Gindes*, the largest, according to *Orosius*, in those parts of *Asia*, next the *Euphrates*, that he swore he would diminish its waters to such a degree, that women should pass it over, on dry foot. Which he afterwards effected with prodigious labor, by sluicing it off into three hundred and sixty rivulets. And, notwithstanding a good deal of time must have intervened, between forming the design and completing it, still his *indignation*, against the obnoxious river *, continued unabated all the while, and subsided not, until he had in effect, pursuant to his menace,

———“ But of the several *kinds* of madness,
“ he that would take the pains, might en-
“ role a *legion*.”

* Ὀργιζόμεθα καὶ πολεμίοις, καὶ φίλοις, καὶ τέκνοις, καὶ γονεῦσι, καὶ θεοῖς ἢ Δία, καὶ θερίοις καὶ ἀψυχοῖς σκεύουσιν· ὡς ὁ Θάμυρις,——ρηγνύς ἀρμονίαν χορδοτόνῃ λύρας· καὶ ὁ Πανδαρος, αὐτῷ καταρῶμεν, εἰ μὴ τὰ τόξα καταπρήσιε, χερσὶ διακλάσας. Ὁ δὲ Ξέρξης καὶ τῇ θαλάτῃ τιγματα καὶ πηλῆγας ἐπέβαλλε. Plut. περὶ ἀσργήσιας.

drained

drained it away intirely, from its former channel.

However, the most *considerable* visible objects about a man, such as are the beings of his own species, and, among those, such as he oftenest *converses with*, are the victims he would *first* sacrifice to his capricious resentment, if a multitude of other selfish considerations did not chance to prevent, especially if *dread* did not restrain his sanguinary purposes. When then we perceive him, as is ordinarily the case, for a length of time still treating his *offspring*, *kindred*, or *intimates*, with more tenderness than he does *strangers*, who had as yet occasioned him none of the vexatious disappointments, in his towering hopes of thorough felicity, I said he so frequently met with from the former, we are not to impute this forbearing kindness, to a fixed and immoveable love he bears these objects of his seeming predilection, but to *other causes*, for which we shall now endeavour to account, as briefly and clearly as possible.

A per-

A person, let his power appear ever so unlimited, is yet very sensible he has *many* measures to keep with those under his authority. He knows their motives to obedience are *purely* interested, proceeding chiefly, (as *Tiberius* tells his successor in substance) from *dread* of not succeeding in an endeavour to dethrone him, and of losing their lives, as a punishment for the attempt. But if he should, for reasons that might appear trivial, slaughter any great number of his people, he is well aware, that though he has nothing at all to fear from those already dead, because, as *Nicholas Machiavel* simply enough observes, “when a man is once dead, he can no longer think of revenge *;” still that those who are *alive*, fearing they may themselves be the next sacrifices, he shall offer up to his cruelty, will grow desperate, and the fear of losing their lives by opposing him, giving way to the now more pressing and certain one, of being deprived of them at any rate,

* Politic discours. upon the first Decad. of *Livy*, book 3, chap. 6.

with-

without any provocation given on their part, the consequence of this state of despair would be, he evidently sees, to arm them all immediately against him. For the preservation then of his own *existence*, he must suffer many, nay most of his subjects to live, let his dominion be ever so absolute, and let his discontent against them, for not conferring *beatitude* on him, be never so great. And though those most about his person, are always most obnoxious to him, as he is also to them, because both parties have been so very frequently disappointed by each other, in their reciprocal applications for *complete* felicity, yet our prince, perceiving he cannot *safely* kill all his subjects at present, thinks proper also to lay aside his resentment against those intimates of his, through the following and other motives.

Though constantly unsuccessful in the search of happiness, he can *never* give over the pursuit. From his near relations and favorites he often looked for it ;—was often disappointed ; and as often *angry* with them, for thus repeatedly failing him, in that *essential point*.
Yet

Yet although the *natural* and *necessary* tendency of anger, considered *abstractedly* and in itself, be to punish *immediately*, still the *portion* of anger, he so often harbored against every one of his acquaintance, at different periods, being hitherto always less, than the terror he felt of evil ensuing to himself, in case he permitted his anger to take its own *direct course*, the stronger passion, I mean love of self-preservation, masters, no doubt, the aforesaid by far weaker share of anger, binds, and even so effectually subdues it, that most commonly none of its effects are at all perceived exteriorly. The person thus prevented, by considerations of personal safety, from obeying the impulses of anger, recurs *again* to his accustomed hopes, since without hoping he cannot subsist. And the anger having been *in its beginning* checked, as was said, by fear, and having even, until some new provocation may again excite it, *subsided entirely*, what remains but that he be again reconciled to the very people who occasioned it, and who would have been *infallibly* exterminated by it, if the already

ready so often mentioned thoughts of personal preservation had not withstood, and in a moment suppressed its fatal fallies?

We said he goes on *still*, hoping for felicity as before—He does; and, not finding it yet in himself, he must look for it *somewhere* else, in the manner explained in the foregoing chapters. And notwithstanding his so often missing it in that quarter, where he had before so frequently sought it, I mean among his blood relations, and companions, yet where, thinks he, ought he still naturally cherish greater expectations, of *at last* attaining thereto, than among those same persons, with whom he is connected, by a variety of endearing ties? To them, then, in spite of former vain applications, resentments, and reconciliations does he lift his still *expecting* eyes. And in this circle he perpetually moves; the former *dread* always continuing, and being *commonly* strong enough, to prevent his ever accomplishing the *murdering purposes*, to which the more frequent, as well as greater degree of *anger*, we see him entertain, against
kindred

kindred than others, would otherwise necessarily lead him.

Such, however, is the atrocious butchery, to which the discontents and bickerings, we observe daily in all families, would infallibly conduct, if not prevented by *fear*, the only curb of any great weight, now left on the insolence of man. Considering this inward state of hostility, in which men, as well in as out of society, are for ever engaged, against each other, is it not very natural for us to wonder, after an author of reputation already cited, how “ seven
“ or eight persons can be brought to
“ live together in one inclosure, under
“ one roof, and compose one fa-
“ mily *.”

The goodness of *Job* was genuine, was extreme, was persevering, not like that of the unjustly celebrated *Titus*, *Socrates*,

* “ *Quand je pense, à la contrariété des esprits,
“ des goûts et des sentimens, je suis étonné de
“ voir jusques à sept ou huit personnes se rassem-
“ bler sous un même toit, dans une même en-
“ ceinte, et composer une seule famille.”*

La Bruïere Caract. pag. 373.

Aristides, &c. fallacious, trifling, inconstant; yet we hear even *him* relating* how his very servants used to wish to glut their fury by *devouring his flesh*. So true it is, as the scripture remarks, that “*ones chief enemies are his domestics* †;” because let his benevolence and humanity be supposed ever so eminent, he will never be able to satisfy the *insatiable expectations* of these, and his other *happiness-hunting dependants* or acquaintance.

But the horrid barbarity against those with whom a man, especially if an absolute monarch, seems to live in greatest intimacy, though commonly *curbed* and *confined* by the more potent dread of the loss of life, is still, however, every hour *reviving* in his *unquiet breast*. By means of it, the security of his family and friends is very *precarious*, as their safety will not continue a moment longer, than while the fear of being put to death *exceeds* the rage, he is perpetually falling into, against them. The height of his fury *once* overtopping his

* *Job*, cap. xxxi, 31.

† *Mich.* vii. vers. 6. et *Matth.* x. 36.

apprehension, they must all perish—
what do I say? they are already no
more.

Wherefore the emperor *Augustus* * had
more reason than he imagined for pro-
testing, “ *he had rather be king Herod’s*
“ *hog, than his son ;*” for near kinsmen,
being usually very frequently in a mo-
narch’s *presence*, are, on that account,
in the more imminent and immediate
danger. In order, therefore, to secure
themselves with further *preventive pre-*
cautions, besides the safety they may

* Though *Macrobius* (Saturnal. lib. 2. cap.
4.) relates, that *Augustus* had used the above
expression, on hearing of *Herod’s* massacre of the
children at *Bethlehem*, where this author, who
lived so many centuries later, without quoting
any earlier writer, says, a male child of the
king’s, being at nurse, shared the fate of the
rest ; yet, several critics think it more probable,
the emperor’s reflection was occasioned, by the
execution of *Antipater*, whom *Herod* had put
to death about the same time, which might na-
turally call to the *Roman’s* remembrance, how
the same *Jewish* prince had formerly deprived
two of his other grown up sons of life, in like
manner, by the hands of an executioner.

chance derive from their despotic prince's *fears*, they would do well to practice a conduct, corresponding to that recommended by *Aristotle* to *Callisthenes*, when he counselled him “*to see Alexander as seldom and as agreeably as possible.*”

If then every man does not, in a little time, massacre those he once called friends, or, as *Hercules* is said to have effected, slay his wife and children without mercy, it is only, because *fear* ties up his hands. For the most absolute rulers have *many* things to dread; as there are no slaves, however abject, that will not rouse at injuries often repeated, especially *if more are still apprehended*. This fell aversion to their people, because these last cannot render them *happy*, is notwithstanding more visible in sovereign princes than any besides, they having least reason to apprehend the just punishment of their crimes—or not so immediately, as their inferiors. And if after all, the above spirit of wanton wrath may not have been so perceptible, in the greater number of despotic monarchs, it is owing intirely to *fear* or some other *selfish motive*, that
it

it has not. For the prince's disappointment, in the hope of attaining to complete happiness, by means of his wife, children, and subjects, must produce anger; and anger of itself prompts *directly* to the immediate excision of the person or persons, against whom resentment is harboured.

Another cause, (or more properly the same with the foregoing desire of felicity, but considered under a different point of view) that renders princes *enemies* to their subjects, the subjects to each other, and to the sovereign, is because they all, either *actually* or *virtually*, aim at the same exterior good, I mean POWER; and all contending for universal *empire*, which can only be enjoyed by one, every man is, on that account, his neighbour's *implacable rival*.

Authority, being the exterior good that most universally captivates the little heart of man, and the abuse of it, being one of the most *sensible* or *experimental* proofs, we have of his depravity, will require to be treated of extensively, as we purpose doing in our next chapter.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

An attempt to convey some weak idea of the omnipotent authority every man covets—why it is so eagerly desired—each individual in search of it, in opposition to every other—therefore all enemies to one another—all disappointed of the Sovereignty they ambition.

OF all outward goods, or means, sought by men, to arrive at happiness, that of *Power* is most universally desired*. From this they are apt to promise

* It is a ridiculous imagination, says *Moyle*,
“to conceive men will be servants when they
“can be masters.”

Argument against a Standing Army, p.
198. Lond. 1697.

“So *endless* and *exorbitant* are the desires of
“men, whether considered in their persons or
“their states, that they will grasp at ALL,
“and can form no scheme of *perfect* happiness
“with less. Ever since men have been united
“into

promise themselves the most complete *self-satisfaction*; that is, they flatter themselves, that, by being honored,

“ into governments, the hopes and endeavours
“ after *universal monarchy* have been banded
“ among them.”

Swift's *Contests and Dissent*, in Athens
and Rome, Chap. the 1st.

Of all the passions which actuate the heart of
man, *the lust of reigning* is, according to
Tacitus “ the most *vehement* and *flaming*.”
Tacit. lib. 15.

Hobbes says, “ In the first place I put for a
“ general inclination of ALL MANKIND, a
“ perpetual and restless desire of *power* after
“ *power* that ceaseth only in death.” *Leviathan*
chap. xi.

An anonymous French writer observes, “ the
“ greatest partizans of this equality (between
“ men) have always been the most *despotic*
“ *masters*, when they have had power in their
“ hands.”

Essay upon Civil Government, chap. iv,
p. 35. London, 1722.

And *Montesquieu* remarks to the same pur-
pose, that “ a man's cravings after power are al-
“ ways *most insatiable* when he enjoys the
“ greatest share of it.”

Reflections on the Causes of the Grandeur
and Declension of the Romans, chap. xi.

praised, obeyed—in a word, *loved* by all other men, they shall be enabled, with the addition of so many favorable testimonies, to retire *into themselves*; there find, *in reality*, the *abundance of worth*, which their sycophants shall be incessantly protesting to them they have, and thus at last, be completely happy *in and by themselves*, like God. This their *grand object*, authority, carrying with it a certain idea of *exaltation* captivates them the more, because *elevation* and *grandeur* are some of the characteristics of the *true good*, of which man retains some *feeble notions*, even in his *depraved*, and *fallen* condition.

Besides, the *universal empire* they covet, being *impossible* to be attained to, they are not liable to be impressed, with a sense of its insufficiency and futility, as readily as they may be, of the insipidity of *bodily pleasures*, which are within every one's reach, and whose inability to afford lasting satisfaction, they already *often experienced*.

The Dominion, they thus ambition, is of the most *unlimited kind*. No power hitherto enjoyed by any man *in the least*
ap-

approaches that extensive, not to say *omnipotent*, authority, eagerly coveted, and as ardently hoped for, though not always sensibly, by *them all*. *At first*, indeed the desire appears extremely moderate, even to the desirer himself: upon meeting with any success it *extends* itself, and goes on thus *increasing*, (I mean *perceptibly*, for it always had the same bulk, though it was neither so conspicuous, nor so distinctly ordered, in itself or parts) until it at last arrives at such a *monstrous size*, as not to be conceived distinctly by the imagination, much less can it be described by words. For it is giving but a very faint idea of its immensity, to say with the poet; *that it covets "to bestride the world like a Colossus;"* or that it aims at being the *sole object* of the obedience, respect, esteem, love, adoration, and so forth, of all other men, of every rank and degree.

With this last notion, however weak, of the *sovereignty* ambitioned by *every man*, we must content ourselves. And truly, however inadequate the idea we have
given

given be, to the *boundless* ambition itself, yet were it not demonstrated by all sorts of arguments, as well by invincible reasons *à priori*, as from many *experimental* or *à posteriori* ones, we could scarce be able to conceive, how a *rational* creature, could once *seriously* expect, to be loved by others for *its own sake* : for to obtain this *immediate* (though it cannot, as is clear from what has been already said, be called the *last* or *ultimate*) end, is *power* so ardently coveted ; man never, as he imagines, reigning completely, until he reigns over the *affections*, as well as *persons*, of his fellow creatures.

It would be needless to say, a man always miscarries, in his impious attempts, to prevail upon all mankind to *prostrate* themselves with him before his wretched *idol—self*.

We have seen at large, how he *adores himself* incessantly ; but we shall never be able to discover him, worshipped by *any other* creature, however insignificant. For if one man erects an altar, in order to burn incense before his own idol,
that

that is, his *polluted self*; every one else does the same : so that nothing is to be observed but difference of worship on all sides ; but altar raised against altar ; but each person on his knees, before a *golden calf of his own*.—To speak without figure, and with our usual plainness —man always fails, in the efforts he makes, to gain the *affections* of every other man, which is the absolute, effectual, and thorough *sovereignty* he thirsts for ; because every one can love *only himself*, and can desire nothing but *for himself*. This disposition of theirs, he perpetually endeavours to *change*, but in vain : And though always unsuccessful, in this unfortunate occupation, he can *never* relinquish it. O fatal *blindness* !—How ! to expect that any creature, when it loses its *love of preference* for the Divinity, will, or can transfer that love, to any other object, but *itself* ! this without doubt, is attempting to *sow the wind* : but, however unattainable and impossible the good, thus sought for, is, all men must nevertheless contend for it, *against each other*, with *all* their
 might.

might. Ages of fruitless pursuit will not weaken man's burning impatience, *to be loved for himself*; and if time cannot enfeeble the desire, neither can it, assuredly, the *hope* of accomplishing, what he so eagerly desires. For no length of time can make any being lose its *desire of happiness*, or grow faint in the search after it: and the *consideration*, *love*, or *power* above-mentioned, are the chief *means* a rational one proposes, in order to arrive at that great end.

But our Creator, the essential, and, in one sense, *only good*, whom a father calls that beauty so ancient and so new, who, by *satisfying* all a man's vast desires, can alone *quiet* them, or, as he expressed it himself, *refresh and make them rest*.—He, I say, never discovering his *amiableness*, to those, who *merited* to be always deprived of the knowledge of it, such beings not *effectually enlightened* by him, so as to be really convinced, their *own felicity* consists in him, seek *this happiness in themselves*, where it
cannot

cannot be placed independent of him, and seek it by *means*, which are impossible to be ever compassed, such as principally, the *obedience, esteem, and love* of all things. What endless *illusions*, I repeat it for the last time, must not this be productive of? the same *impossible end*, desired, hoped for, pursued, and that by equally impossible *means*, which must, at all times, produce the most corroding disappointments; and yet, in spite of all disappointments, still desired, hoped for, pursued—and thus for ever!

Having explained, as fully as I was able, what the sovereignty really is, which all men thus *vehemently ambition and contend for*, I shall now inquire, how far a man, arriving at what is called *absolute dominion*, over a vast kingdom, has thereby succeeded in his *expectations*: I shall then hint, at some of the methods, he practices to *preserve and enlarge* his authority, over his people, together with those used by a *private person*, in order to obtain as much influence or power as possible, among men of his
own

own rank, when he cannot *immediately* seize on the royal dignity. Lastly, from the principles heretofore laid down, I shall shew, what monstrous *abuse*, every man would *infallibly* make of his power, if he enjoyed it, in the extensive and *uncontrouled* manner, he labors for.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

Man ambitions power only in order to captivate the love of the rest of his species—but those, who arrive at any little authority, over their neighbours, are always most hated and unhappy—and why.

MAN, by all the efforts he makes to arrive at power, over other men, intending thereby, as we have seen, to render himself the *sole* object of their *veneration*, is every moment disappointed, in his pretensions, even when he *appears* to have acquired the most despotic jurisdiction over them. Though our man, whom we shall now suppose in possession of an empire, with as few limitations, as can be conceived, should call himself “*emperor of emperors, brother to the sun and moon, shadow of God on earth, or God himself,*” as many have done, he, after all, enjoys scarce any
power

power whatever, and is moreover, supposing his desires equally *lively* as those of his subjects—he is necessarily, I say, the most *indigent* and *wretched* being among them. The proof of these assertions will be very easy, after what has been already said, and therefore we shall have no occasion, to dwell long upon them.

What a man is chiefly smitten with, in his pursuit of empire, is the fond hope of *reigning completely*, first over some millions of men, then over other millions, until, at last, he shall rule over *every individual on earth*. When he aims at this sovereignty, he aims at it, in the most *perfect*, and *extensive* manner. He aims at ruling, over their *understanding* and *affection*, that is, over what is most valuable in them. The *hand* or *foot*, moved in his service, can afford him little or no content, unless he thinks, the *mind* and *heart cheerfully* direct the motions. Were he persuaded those, who seem attentive to his least nod, did nevertheless secretly either *despise* or *bate* him, all the obedience they may render,

render, would, while he continued in the foregoing persuasion, prove not only unsatisfactory, but thoroughly *odious*. This position no one will contradict, as every person has often had sensible proofs of its truth. For where is the man, though he were not puffed up by the possession, either of limited or *absolute monarchy*, who has not felt uneasiness, as frequently as pleasure, even from *actual services*, when persuaded, they did not proceed from a fund of *good will* towards him?

But this is a mortification to which our *absolute prince*, notwithstanding his near kindred to the *sun and moon*, is daily exposed. For although when he says to one man “go,” and he goes; or to another “come,” and he at once comes; or to a third, “do this,” and the third does it accordingly,—still is this no more than what school-men term *material obedience*; that is, it is not obedience, in the *manner* he wishes, because it is not obedience, *for his own sake*. And what is not done

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for

for him, *for his own sake*, he utterly *loaths*.

It may be objected, that not being convinced but these duties were paid him, on his own account, nothing hinders his being content with them. But it is answered, he cannot be *long* mistaken in this particular. Good offices flowing from *affection*, have a *stamp*, that cannot be *counterfeited* with success, for any length of time. It is true, as we shall have occasion to say again hereafter, that, to avoid perpetual sources of disquiet, he will himself often be *a party*, in his subjects attempts to *impose* on him. He will frequently *endeavour* to persuade himself, their obedience is more the consequence of *sincere* attachment to his person, than of *self-interest* or *dread*. It is not, in the mean time, that a person *can* always succeed, in laboring to convince himself, of what would be most agreeable to him. Truth frequently *obtrudes itself*, in spite of all *opposition*, on the minds of these *self-seducers*, and dispels the *short-lived* satisfaction,

façtion, they borrowed from their *illusive fancies*. And on no occasion does that *unwelcome* illumination *force* its way, more ordinarily, than on this, under present consideration.

Our king, will at all times be sensible —much too *sensible for his peace*, that all the extravagant affection towards him, his slaves are for ever boasting of, is no more, in effect, but what the poet calls,

“ ——— *Mouth-honor, breath,*

“ Which the poor heart would fain
“ deny, and *dare not.*”

SHAKESP.

He will see, with eyes sometimes *dejected* through anxiety or despair, at other times *enflamed* with wrath, that his people honor him, it is true, with their *hands, feet, lips, and knees*; but that their *hearts*, which alone he values, are, even in the midst of these *fraudful testimonies* of regard, *intirely* estranged from him.

Where then is his felicity? Happiness according to him, and he judges *right*,

consists in *thorough self-esteem*. But this self-approbation, he *falsely* imagines, is to be acquired by *power*; because he *as falsely* persuades himself, power will make him master of the *esteem* and *love* of those, over whom he rules: by which means he shall, as he thinks, be enabled, at last, to *determine* or *pronounce* himself, *really estimable and lovely*.

The ultimate purpose then of all this bustle about authority, or as Mr. *Hobbes* calls it, “*of this restless desire of power after power, is in order to gain affection,* which as he always fails of, we may well say, *he gains nothing*, because he does not arrive at the *main point*, for which he underwent all his fatigues and cares. Suppose him therefore *reigning* over both hemispheres, with more unlimited authority, than any ancient or modern Eastern potentate, yet, we have the utmost reason to affirm, that what he desires *never* is, because it never is *as* he desires it. What he hates likewise *always happens*. For even those events, that seem, on a slight consideration, to fall out *according* to his inclination, in reality, ever turn out *against* it.

Every

Every wish of his is directed towards happiness, and the chief *means* of arriving at this happiness, he makes to consist in *power*. As for happiness he enjoys none, as the whole world knows by *woeful experience*. And he is almost at as great a distance from any *solid* authority, even over those very persons who wait on him, with the most trembling submission. For besides that the power cannot, in strictness, be called *absolute*; as it resides ultimately, not in our supposed monarch, but in another, whose *minister* he only is, yet not to urge that common argument further, I contend, that no creature, though it may always perform what he commands, *ever once* obeys him, in the manner he covets.

As every one is tempted by means of his *own* desires, so as often as any person abandons the *real good*, he does it *for his own* fancied gratification. In every rebellion of a rational creature, against the Creator, it never sets up *any other* spirit or being but *itself*, which it designs to obey. Now this is *diametrically opposite*, to the will of him we suppose a despotic

E 3 prince.

prince. His orders always tend to the following end, to wit, the *obeying, esteeming, loving him on his own account,* through which obedience, esteem, and love, he hopes to be at last happy *in himself*. But when any subject does the things suggested or commanded by him, he *never* does them, to obey, esteem, or love his master, that is, in other words, he never does them, for the *end* the former desires. For the end of such a creature, in all its deliberate actions, without exception, is obedience, esteem, and love *to itself*. And, in fine, the least action of the meanest spirited slave neither is, nor *can* be done for the sovereign, though he were not only *brother* to the *sun* and *moon*, but even *father* or *grandfather* to these luminaries.

Instead then of submissive subjects, he only sees *inveterate enemies* and *opponents*, on every side, who never do any thing, according to his inclination, but every thing, *against* it.

He is more *odious* to his people, than they are to each other, and he is most *punished* by them—and this is the second
propo-

proposition, we advanced, in the present chapter.

He is most *hated* by them, because none so violently opposes the *gratification* of them all—the being *obeyed, esteemed, loved*, and consequently, as they think, *happy in themselves*. Now men always most *hate*, what forms the greatest obstacle to the accomplishment of their desires, whether they know *distinctly* what it is or not: they must then, either *actually* or *virtually hate* their sovereign *most*, as he most eagerly, and with most *seeming* success, *opposes* their desires, that is, he most *openly* and indefatigably labors, to make all the rest contribute to his happiness, by *obeying, esteeming, and loving him for himself*.

He is more *punished* by them, than they are by one another; because the more *violent* any desires are, the more *grievous* their disappointment. His love of himself—I mean only his love of sway, esteem, and affection *for his own sake*, is more considerable, than that of his subjects, and his failure, in all those

great points, is more *distressing* to him. It has been proved, he *always* fails in the above views, because, as was said, each of his subjects loves *only himself*, and is only solicitous, about *his own welfare*.

But, if the monarch has the last-mentioned misfortune, *in common* with all his people, the following is *peculiar* to himself; and it is it, that renders his situation much *more* miserable than theirs.

The nearer one is arrived to any *desired end*, the more does the *love* of the good fought for, *increase*; and a failure, when on the point of enjoying any advantage, is then *doubly* mortifying. And this is expressive of our prince's condition. However *unsatisfactory* and *imperfect* the power he exercises, over his subjects may be, it is nevertheless a *portion* of power, and will appear no very small portion either, when we reflect, their bodies are, for some time, *visibly*, and *directly*, under his authority, and their souls, in some measure, though *indirectly*. Having thus *tasted* this, to
him,

him, most *delicious liquor, authority*, it is natural he should have a greater desire, to *quench his thirst* intirely with it, than those, who have as yet, no *practical* knowledge of its sweets. And every *check* his hopes, now in full speed, towards the complete enjoyment of his beloved *sway*, meet with, causes a *dejection*, proportioned to their former elevation and exultation. Wherefore, if the soveraign's desires be originally as *warm*, as those of his people, he must be the *most unhappy* of them; because *ambitioning power* as they do, he enjoys a *little* of it, which little serves only to enflame his *eager hopes*, of possessing the *whole*; both which, I mean his *desires* and *hopes*, being always frustrated, his misery is inconceivably *enhanced* thereby. And therefore, in fine, as he is perpetually falling from *greater heights* than any of his subjects, so must he ever receive *more severe contusions*.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

The abhorrence men feel against those they perceive endeavouring to obtain power, over them—Their immediate resistance, on such occasions—Still they all incessantly pursue this the grand object of their desires, by many various methods.

NOTWITHSTANDING the incessant disappointments, we have seen every man, as well the monarch as his subjects exposed to, in the search of *full power*, that is, of *disinterested love*, yet one of the principal maledictions, attending their as well unjust, as impossible ambition is, that they can never desist from struggling with each other, for an *affection*, which no individual of them can or will, *during a second of time, spare from himself*. This frantic desire of *consideration* is the source of a *strife* among
all

all men, that lasts *as long as their lives*. Contests about property or sensual pleasures, will subside sooner or later; but the *war* every one wages, against every other, in order to acquire power over him—over *his heart* especially, admits not of a *truce* even for a *single moment*, much less of any lasting peace. And when, by death, hostilities shall cease, at least in this world, between the *belligerent parties*, their posterity will be sure to revive the contention, with all the indefatigable *rage* of their ill-fated ancestors.

Men are not *always* sensible of the opposition, their spirit is ever making, to these unreasonable pretensions of their neighbours: nay, they very seldom feel any thing of this *furious, and constant combat*. When indeed they chance to perceive any efforts made to obtain the *love* we treat of, they observe, at the same time, the *vigorous indignation*, with which such attempts are immediately repelled. Wherefore one of them rightly said, that “every man hath a *dagger* in his hand, ready to *stab the vanity* of
“ another,

“ another, wherever he perceives it *.”
 And elsewhere: “ The *vanity* of man-
 “ kind is so much *greedier* and *more ge-*
 “ *neral* than their avarice, that no beg-
 “ gar is so *ill-received* by them as he
 “ who solicits their *praise* †.”

All this means, that every man, as often as he sensibly perceives another; attempting to gain *universal love*, by discovering his *excellence*, so often says, if not in the same words, certainly to the following effect: “ *No—you are not*
 “ *worthy of being loved, but I am.*”

A late writer had an extensive prospect of this *universal* passion, when he observed, that “ whether a man blames
 “ or approves, whether he speaks or is
 “ silent, he is *always making his own*
 “ *apology*; for every man is an orator,
 “ who, by his discourse or his actions,
 “ is *perpetually making his own panegy-*
 “ *ric* †;” that is, every one is incessantly

* Mr. Fielding's *Miscellanies*. Vol. I. Essay on Conversation.

† Id. a Journey from this World to the next, chap. xxiv.

‡ *Helvetius* on the Mind, essay the fourth, chap. the viith, p. 276. Lond. 1759. Quarto.
 by

by *all* his actions, words, and motions, proclaiming *his own worth*, and laboring, by all possible means, to convince the *whole creation of it*, that he *alone* may be loved by all intellectual beings, and not obstructed, in his pursuits, by such, as are irrational or inanimate.

This is the universal passion of all perverse men; and by this all their passions, at least, such as have *exterior* things for their object, must be explained.

The means, which men make use of, to procure for themselves the *homage* of other beings, are so various, so surprizingly *numerous*, that no body, however diligent in the search, however vigilant and observant in detecting them, can discover, much less describe them all. It is with a view to these, the heart of man is, in scripture, called *bad and unsearchable*. The meaning of which expression, is, that it is impossible to trace out or delineate, all the *arts* and *devices*, by which, men expect to enslave one another. Thus the human heart is inscrutable to a person, in the *means* it practices, but is not at all so,
in

in the *end*, which is fought by these various windings and stratagems. The end of them *all*, is to gain *love*, strangely various as the *methods* are, by which that end is attempted to be brought about. Nor are these *attacks*, this *seducing* or *bullying* people out of their affection, that is, out of what is most valuable in them, confined to a man's own species only ; for he offers a *violence*, nearly of the same nature, to *every* other being whatever, which, if not very perceptible in his proceedings, towards them all, is often discernible enough in his conduct, with regard to many of the brutes, as well as with respect to several inanimate things. We shall, for the present, confine ourselves to inquiries and reasonings, or *some* of the expedients he puts in practice, to render himself *sole master* of the regard of his own species.

What every one vehemently desires, is voluntary obedience or affection ; and the *first means*, always pursued by mankind, to obtain this end, are to love *a little*, and feign *a great deal* of affection
for

for others. This method is constantly the *first* made use of, for the above purpose, even by those, in the most absolute authority, and never fails of having *some effect*, though by no means equal, in any degree, to satisfy the *prodigious thirst of man*.

Little, however, as is acquired this way, it is much *purser* and *sincerer*, than what is gained in any other. It is indeed the only thing *like* real affection; nothing being capable to beget affection, but *affection* or the *semblance* of it. However, man, created to enjoy *infinity*, is not to be satisfied, even with the intire undivided love of every individual on earth, much less, with the above *tiny remnants*. Wherefore, as soon as he perceives, he does not meet with the degree of submission and regard wished for, the *small share* of good will, which every one must entertain for another, before he thinks himself injured by him, is converted into the *bitterest hatred*; he immediately becomes dissatisfied and incensed at this *limited love*, and, when not restrained by his
fears,

fears, instantly changes his conduct, and instead of continuing, by good offices, to preserve the small portion of pure affection, as some term it, that had been bestowed on him, he tries by *severity* and *punishments*, to *force* at once the whole, of what he saw dealt out to him, in so *sparing* and *niggardly* a manner.

Thus a man must necessarily act, towards other men, if he has *power* over, and *dreads nothing* from them : and this accounts for the change in *Nero's* disposition, from uncommon *lenity* to the greatest *cruelty* ; a change, however, which would happen in *every* man, after he found that “ men,” as secretary *Machiavel* well remarks, being in general *ungrateful, inconstant, hypocritical, fearful of danger, and covetous of gain*, “ do with less remorse offend against those who desire to be *beloved*, than against those who are ambitious of being *feared* ; and the reason is, because love is fastened only by a *ligament of obligation*, which the *ill-nature of mankind* breaks upon every occasion that is presented to his profit ;

“ but

“ but *fear* depends upon an *apprehension of punishment*, which is never to be dispelled *.” But, on account of the ambiguity of a few of these expressions, it may be proper to observe, that men only desire to be *feared*, in order to be *loved*; and did they believe this *love* was to be attained to, as well by *professing regard*, as by *exciting terror*, they never would pursue the *latter method*.

It will appear strange, that having in this very chapter asserted, that regard or love could never be produced by any thing else, but by love, either *already existing*, in the person beloved, or *soon hoped for*, it should now be said, that *terror and ill-usage*, are the *most effectual means* of acquiring, this so much desired affection.

But the *seeming* contradiction vanishes, when it is acknowledged, that terror and punishments, *do not really beget affection*. What they certainly beget, is the *outward appearance* of re-

* The Prince, chap. xvii.

gard, and that, in a much more *constant* and *uniform* manner, than any other method of proceeding can. By the *fears*, this way of acting causes, a prince becomes much more *sensible* of his *power*, than he would be rendered by *calm*, though indeed more *sincere*, professions of love. Besides, so well do people know, that no sovereign can be content, without being *master*, or *fancying* himself so, of their *hearts*, that they take great care, to be incessantly offering him up, the most *nauseous* and *lying* protestations of *veneration*, *adoration*, *attachment*, together “ *with their lives* “ *and fortunes*,” and such like *unmeaning* cant. All this, it is true, is but a *shadow*, not the least *real* attachment or love, subsisting at the time of all those fine declarations. But be it ever so much a *shadow*, it pleases much more, by its *seeming* bulk, than that *poor skeleton of affection*, purchased by those, who only use their power, in order to *do good*. Moreover, though it be a *shadow*, and that shadows can afford no pleasures, when *known* to be such; yet, we well know,

know, how *dextrous* people are, in converting by the magical force of *imagination* all the objects of their least desires, which certainly are, in the main, as great shadows, as this we speak of can be, into *delightful solid substances*. It may be more truly said of this influence of the *desires*, on the *imagination*, than of the *poet's pen*, that it

“—————gives to *airy nothing*

“ A local habitation and a name.”

SHAKESP.

We need not then be in the least surprized, that men should prefer this greater share of homage, though *insincere*, to the *small portion*, which gratitude would procure them, while they can thus ingeniously impose on themselves, so as generally to take it for the *free language* of the heart.

We do not maintain, this pretended attachment *extorted by fear*, can *fully* satisfy the individual, who is the object of it, or that he *always* lays any great dependance on it. As for giving

thorough satisfaction, that it without doubt does not, as has been frequently said, in the former part of this book. But this its inability to afford *full* enjoyment, to the almost boundless desires of man, it has in common, with *all other* pleasures, which, though people appear clearly to think otherwise by their *conduct*, never can, either separately or all together, afford men the *rest* or *satisfaction* they seek.

And as for the *suspensions*, a person in power betrays, on *certain* occasions, of the *fallacy* and *emptiness* of these mighty professions, it is not denied but that he *much more* than suspects them, he even absolutely and directly gives them the *lie*, when threatened with *danger* of any kind. But when no *evil* is *impending*, he uses his utmost endeavours, and in *some measure* succeeds, in *persuading himself*, this attachment towards him, so strongly professed, is *really* existing, in the pretenders to it, and is not a tribute, paid by their *fears* to his *high station*, but the spontaneous manifestation of the *love* they feel for him, *for his own sake*.

Without

Without having recourse to this *rashness* and *self-imposition*, it would be impossible to account for the *pleasure*, all people receive, from the *civilities* and friendly offers of persons, who are almost *utter strangers* to them. These, though when examined *coolly*, they appear not to merit, having any confidence reposed in them; yet people, without *necessity*, will never *scrutinize* them so closely, but rather chuse to *assist the deceit*, by considering them, as the *sincere* emanations of the soul.

These declarations of esteem and love, are also agreeable on *another* account. For, supposing them ever so insincere, they still pay a very *real compliment* to the *power* of him, in whose favor they are made. They manifestly *prove*, that the person, who condescends to put them in practice, *expects some good* by so doing, or *fears some evil*, by neglecting it. For no one can abandon *truth*, that is, the natural love of appearing such as he *really is*, but through the hope of some other good expected by the *deceit*. A very *small* share of what

a man is pleased to *fancy* an advantage, is, it is true, in general, a sufficient motive to engage him to *counterfeit*, but still, it is absolutely necessary, *some* should be hoped for, before he will *stoop* to employ *hypocrisy* and *falsehood*.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

A brief description of some of the methods, practised by private persons, to obtain the chief place, in each other's esteem and affection, that is, in other words, to reign completely over one another.

FEW or none will deny, but that a *desire to please*, founded on the dread of the ill-consequences, which may attend displeasing, is the *cause* of the adulation paid to a sovereign prince which we have been reasoning upon, in the foregoing chapter: but how, will it be asked, does it happen, that people, through *politeness* and *good breeding*, treat their *equals* and often their *inferiors* with *respect* and *professions of friendship*?

Fear of *death*, or apprehension of *bodily punishment*, or of the loss of what is called *substance*, are, I confess, in the *latter* case, quite out of the question,

but there are an innumerable train of *other terrors*, which if not commonly as *violent* as those of *death*, or *corporal sufferings*, are *still* nevertheless *real fears*. Granting then, a man does not usually love *praise*, *respect*, and *affection*, as much as *life*, yet we suppose him to love them, *in some degree*; and if he is supposed to love them, he must also fear his not enjoying them, *fear always existing, where there is love*.

Loving then *consideration* and *esteem*, which he looks upon as *good*; and consequently *fearing*, the being deprived of this good, he must of course *fear the person*, whether he be his superior, equal or inferior, in whose power it is to *withhold* from him this *beloved esteem or regard*. Thus he must dread this neighbour of his, though of no greater rank or authority than himself, because he considers him as possessed of an *head* and *heart*, of whose most *favorable sentiments*, he has a restless ambition, to become the *principal object*. He may not have expressly persuaded himself, this *man's good opinion*; which he is thus
torment-

tormenting himself about, will be sufficient *alone*, to render him *thoroughly content*; but his laboring for it, with such unremitting ardor, affords a *full conviction* of his *imagining*, at the present time, that *without it*, he can, by no means, attain to happiness.

It is not designed now to prove, how every one by the *love* of any thing, which affection must be attended, with *fear* of *not obtaining* the wished for good, or of *losing* it, after it has been obtained, unwilling as such a person may be to acknowledge a *superior*, yet by the above *love* and *fear*, actually makes the thing, thus loved and feared, of much *greater consequence* than himself, and on *one* occasion, at least, really and truly becomes the *slave* of what he thus desires.

This, even several judicious *pagan* authors, as Cicero, Horace, Persius* and others, were *thoroughly* sensible of, though they took little or no trouble to *account for it*, as many *Christian* ones have since done, very acutely and lumi-

* Cicero, Parad. 5. . Horat, lib. 2. sat. 7.
 Pers. sat. 5. Epictet. passim.

nously.

causally. In acknowledging the *matter of fact* however, the former, are as *unanimous* and *express*, as the latter. Hence the proverb common among them : “ *Anima magis est ubi amat, quam ubi animat.*” From a conviction, that a vehement inclination effectually *binds* one to whatever object had caused it, proceeded *Aristippus*’s vain *boast* relative to *Thais* the courtesan, “ that he kept her, but was not kept by her *ἔχῃ, ἀλλ’ ἐν ἔχουσιν* ; hence, in fine, *Seneca*’s pointed sentence, concerning the avaricious, that “ *they do not possess riches, but are possessed by them*†,” which is a sentiment, no less true of that *particular* passion, than of *all* the others, without exception—but we shall dwell no longer on this head, as well, because the theme is rather *too trite*, many having already handled it, with extreme perspicuity and judgment, but principally, because we do not chuse to wander for any time from our subject, with which, the above inquiry has no *immediate* connection ; what we meant to

† *Avaros non habere divitias, sed haberi.*
infir.

insist on here, being only, that *all* men endeavour, either by *violent methods*, when they imagine they can *safely* employ such, or by *gentle and artful* ones, when they think these last will answer their purpose *best*, to reign over *all things*, of *what rank or degree* soever in the creation.

Although, as we premised in the last chapter, it would be utterly impossible, to give a *particular description* of all the *labors* men undergo, and the *stratagems* they put in practice, in order to obtain a *sovereign authority*, over the *affections* of their intire species, yet some of the *principal* shall be briefly hinted at, before we come to inquire, what *use* a man would make of the *uncontroled rule*, he is in quest of; in which last question, we are much *more interested*, as it is to supply us, with but *too many* corroborating proofs, of the *shocking depravity* we contend for, in mankind.

The *end* for which all men act and speak, is the same, as has been shewn already. They all *solicit consideration* and *love*, though after very *different methods*.

methods. Each considers what is *most* valued by people in general, or by those in particular, who form one society with him. The good opinion of those, he first endeavours to gain, by doing what, he apprehends will be *most agreeable* to them. After having *captivated* those, he hopes afterwards to succeed, in like manner, with others; and so on, until he acquires the universal esteem of all intelligent beings.

But as it often happens, that what a man perceives in *most* repute, among those he calls countrymen, he cannot himself arrive at, or cannot at least be as eminent in it, as he wishes; in this case, he either follows the course, attended with *most* reputation, and then *persuades* himself, he shall, one time or other, be more famous therein, than any person besides; or, should he not be more renowned for that art or science, now in such high estimation, he makes no doubt but his other great *perfections*, joined to the moderate knowledge, he has in this art or occupation, will, at length, procure him a *superior regard*,
from

from the people in question. "For," says he, "though this science or mystery be *most* valued in our town, country, or kingdom, it is not however, the *only* endowment, which is prized : and though it may possibly maintain the *pre-eminence*, over any other *single* qualification, yet it is impossible it should outweigh, in the public opinion, the *many* I am possessed of."

Thus he reasons, when he *follows the crowd*, as he most commonly does : but when he *utterly* despairs of succeeding, in any tolerable manner, in this so much admired pursuit, he then strikes out *another road*, to esteem and affection. When he acts thus, he strongly desires, and *consequently expects*, that, however disregarded the occupation or study, to which he has dedicated his time, be *at present*, it will *shortly* be more considered and approved, than *any other* profession or literary enquiry whatsoever ; and that long *before* he dies himself, allowing he should, *like other men*, be obliged to *submit* to death.

But as in any large collection or heap of men, it *rarely* happens, so *great* and
uni-

universal a preference is given those who excel in *one* employment, as to leave *other pursuits* destitute of admirers, a man being then *sed* and *encouraged*, from the beginning, by the *commendations* of his acquaintance, from thence takes occasion to *flatter* himself, with the most *universal* favor.

It ought, after what has been already so often said, to be unnecessary for us to repeat, that what is eagerly wished for or desired, *must* also be expected. And therefore as men's desires, are almost always, *wild, unreasonable*, and intirely *impossible* to be ever compassed, so must their *hopes* be *equally* ridiculous and absurd.

I did not pretend to enumerate and point out the various methods, by which different men, and even the *same man*, at different times, aim at *sovereign rule and universal love*. To attempt to particularize them all, would be to go about *numbering the stars in the firmament*, or *the sand on the sea-shore*, as in *every action, word, thought, and motion*,—whether he speaks, or is silent—whether he eats, drinks, or whatever
else

else a man does, *he does all for his own honor*—he, I say, pursues the *great*, the, in a manner, *only end*, of being ALONE esteemed, ALONE loved, ALONE adored.

Among the various, and seemingly contradictory ways, which all rational creatures, who place their felicity in themselves take, to bring about the *great concern* of acquiring the *regard* of others, the following seemed to me the most *extraordinary*; as the person appears to make the greatest *sacrifice possible*, in order to come at the aforesaid good opinion, *at any rate*. This sacrifice is no less than *destroying* himself, to *save* himself: *abandoning* himself, to *preserve* himself, or to speak *intelligibly*, and without *mystery*, a man will often seem—O vile *cozenage*!—he will, I say, *pretend* to find *fault* with himself—a proceeding, of all fallacies the *most fallacious*! in order to gain the *affection* of the person, he is conversing with. We reserve for the next chapter, a *full examination* of this *surprising manœuvre*, in all appearance so repugnant to the *ambition of unbounded esteem*, he is perpetually *languishing for*.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

One of the greatest sacrifices men make, and the most deceitful stratagems they practise, to acquire each other's LOVE, pointed out and reasoned on.

THE soul and body of man are united, in the closest connection. No *earthly* union can form so lively an image of the *essential* unity of the God-head. This unity has had a *past*, it now has a *present*, and it even has a *future* in *hope*. The care to preserve this unity is not only *natural* to him, as it is to other parts of the creation, but it is his *first natural tendency*. His *former* unity no longer subsists *here below*, but in his *idea*, as the *future* only does in his *hope*: still man, in his mind, *unites the past, present, and future*, and of the *three* composes a *single* substance, of each part of which he is *equally* fond. This fondness is not *elective*; it is *natural*.

tural and necessary. For loving his *present* existence, he must, in an *equal* degree, love the *past*, which does not at all differ from it in *substance*, but in certain *accidental* circumstances of time, place, &c. His *present being*, is moreover derived from, or founded upon, the *past*, and he cannot be so warmly attached to the *former*, without having an *equal* interest in the *latter*, from which it *immediately* flows, and to which it bears so *thorough a likeness*. What, in fine, is a man's *past* or *present* existence, but *himself*; and if so, can he possibly *censure* or *hate* it?

It is true, that though being is not an object of the *senses*, but of the *understanding*, which can apprehend *substances*, without relation to *time* or *place*, still that the *senses*, operating at this moment of his *actual existence*, may render him *more attentive* to the *present*, as well as more attached to it. But this effect can only be produced in the *imagination*: for the *understanding* can form no *judgment*, by which the *past* existence of a man, shall be pronounced

G inferior,

inferior, in dignity or importance, to the present.—So much for what is *natural* and *necessary*, where we have been for a very little time obliged to have recourse to *metaphysics*.—To descend now to *morals*, and apply the above *principles* to our subject.

We have seen over and over, how *unrighteous* man *necessarily* loves himself, and every thing *for himself*: how he places his *chief means* of happiness, in the *obedience* and *regard* of his whole species; hoping, that when he shall be in *thorough* possession of this *universal* affection, his *understanding* shall, at the same time, be able to *pronounce* him *wanting nothing, supremely excellent*,—in a word, *HAPPY*. Now, while the *esteem* of the meanest scullion is supposed to be denied him, his felicity can never, in *his principles*, be *complete*: for there would be something *wanting*, and the idea of happiness *excludes* the *least* want. And not only any individual's refusing *esteem*, but refusing to confer it in the *most unbounded manner*, would still render the felicity *defective*, and therefore *no felicity*. But

But whoever, professing the highest value for one, such as he *is at present*, testifies a disapprobation of the same man, such as he *was* last week or last year, offers him but a most *limited* and *partial regard*, which, whatever the other may pretend, can never *content* him. What he was last year, or last week, is, as we have briefly shewn, *no less himself*, than what he *is* at present. And to labor to make him *dissatisfied* with himself, such as he was then, is, in reality, nothing less than to require him to *dissolve his unity*, by *hating* it, which is utterly *unnatural* and *impossible*.

Yet, however *amiable* a man is to *himself*, in his past, present, and future state, experience attests, he will very readily always leave his *past*, and commonly even *his future self*, at your mercy, provided you will consent to *love* him, such as he *is* at present. When I allow, he will *give up* the future and past, I mean only to grant, that he will *appear* to give them up; because, as was already maintained, every man must

necessarily desire to rescue *his intire self* from *infamy, hatred, or whatever is* contrary to the *unbounded love* he pants for. Indeed, so powerful is the charm of *present enjoyment*, over a person's *imagination*, that provided we tell him, we *regard* him, such as he is at present, but do not esteem him, such as he *was* in a former year, he will, if he cannot possess *both*, seize the *affection* you *actually* offer him, and will, at *first*, even join with you, in condemning his *former self*. But, when he thinks he has gained a great share of your *confidence*, and believes himself *sure* of your regard for his present self, he will then, very visibly, become anew *solicitous*, for what he lately *appeared* to have so cheerfully *abandoned* to your indignation. He will tell you, " he does not deny, but " he was to blame; but certainly not " *near as much*, as he seems, on a *first* " *view*, to have been. Oh, there were " *untoward* circumstances, which people do not take into consideration, " when they so freely deal about their " *condemnation* of his conduct. Were these

" cen-

“ censurers in his situation, they would
 “ find they could not have acted *other-*
 “ *wise*. What do I say? Not a man
 “ of them would have known, how to
 “ extricate himself out of that perverse
 “ affair, with *half* his judgment or in-
 “ tegrity. But nothing folks are so
 “ *liberal* of as *censure*, except *advice*.
 “ —As for his part, he is determined
 “ to give himself *no sort* of trouble,
 “ about contradicting, or refuting what
 “ they may say. But as his *motives*
 “ and *intentions* must be better known
 “ to himself, than to those open-mouth-
 “ ed railers, nobody can think it strange,
 “ that, after having scrutinized his con-
 “ duct, with the utmost *coolness* and
 “ *impartiality*,—just as if he were not
 “ himself the person in question, he
 “ should, on an *unprejudiced* review of
 “ it, *acquit* and *exculpate* himself to
 “ himself, and to those *few* sons of
 “ *candor*, who have too much sound
 “ sense to judge of matters, according
 “ to their external *appearance*, but labor
 “ rather to examine every thing, with-
 “ out *prepossession* or *envy*.” If he finds

he has *succeeded* with the person, he was addressing, in words to the above purpose, he next *openly* and *avowedly justifies* his former self. And if this new step should also appear to be *well-received* by his hearer, he proceeds after to claim a great share of *merit*, from the very transaction, he so readily joined to condemn, in the *beginning*. At last, he arrives at the *summit* to which all men aspire, I mean the *raising* his former self, as high in your *esteem* as his present; that in his *past, present, and future capacity*, he may form a complete ONE, which you, and all other existences, shall *obey, reverence, and love*.

When then it was allowed, a man gave up a part of his former conduct, for *present esteem*, the concession must be understood, as it has been fully explained in this chapter—that if he cannot make a *better bargain*, or has reason to dread, an apology for his former actions, might make him lose all the *value*, you at present profess to have for him, he will in such case, *forfeit* the past, for the *quiet enjoyment* of the present. But we *ited-*
fastly

fastly contend, that this seeming self-condemnation, is nothing but *fiction* and *deceit*.

A man can make no *division*, no *separation* of himself. Such as he was *formerly*, such as he is *now*, and such as he shall be *hereafter*, he is *lovely*, he is *dear* to himself—I had almost said he is *infinitely* dear—but I can with truth maintain, he is dearer to himself, than are all beings besides: wherefore this condemnation or *splitting of himself*, is mockery and error. At the *very* time, the *mouth* is uttering words of *reproof* or *abhorrence*, his *heart* is, at the same instant, *vindicating* and *approving*. Nor is he deprived of all hopes, of being *one day* able to bring, not only you, but all mankind, to *esteem* and *love* what he now condemns, in order to please you, as much as you profess to *value* him, such as he *actually* is. What have I said of losing hopes? He entertains the *strongest*, of effecting it *hereafter*. For the present, he endeavours to *appear*, to you and even to *himself*, content under

the *weight* of this dislike to his former conduct.

But the *heart*, in its secret and almost inmost *recesses*, absolutely *detests* this judgment of yours : it strives to *annul* the sentence : it even silently meditates an *appeal*, from yourself to yourself—that is, from you now *asleep or drunk*, to yourself, when *awake or sober*. However, as all these doings and cabalings are *private*, and that no *open and bare-faced* vindication is yet attempted, we may, in *one sense*, safely acknowledge, a man will sacrifice every thing, to purchase *immediate affection*.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

All the efforts men make, to gain power over each other's hearts, vain—Those even, who enjoy an exterior authority over people cannot, by any methods whatever, purchase their affection, though that was the end, for which they so vehemently coveted sovereignty.

TO describe more of the *infinitely* various methods put in practice, or of the *different* appearances assumed by men, in order to rule over one another, with the *most unbounded sway*, might perhaps be tiresome to the reader, and would certainly be *unnecessary*. If it has been proved, with as much evidence as *moral* subjects admit, that every *deliberate* action of each man, tends *mediately* or *immediately* to the grand purpose, of *usurping* universal authority, over the *whole creation*, this truth, being deeply and repeatedly impressed, on a person's mind, not *many* examples are
then

then wanting, to *awaken* his attention, to observe the *sensible* instances, which will *hourly* offer themselves to him, in his conversation with mankind, in support of it.

In the last chapter, we mentioned and dwelt on the *greatest effort* man makes, and the most *precious* sacrifice, he can possibly immolate, to secure to himself, as he *fondly* expects, the possession of his much ambitioned *dominion*. This was no less, than a *pretended* abandoning, disuniting, *hating* of himself, in hopes he may, the third day, *rise* glorious and immortal, *never more* to be liable to *separation* or *corruption*, in the *whole* of his being, or in any of its *parts*.

But even by this *last* effort, though he yielded up *much*, he acquired *very little*. The person before whom he *mangled* himself, like a priest of *Baal*, in order to gain an influence over him, was *deaf* to his supplications and sufferings. His demand was *immoderate*, and could *not* be complied with. He had the *absurd* presumption, to call to his neighbour

bour for *love*, that is in effect, he impudently begged the latter, to permit him to *reign* over him, in the most *perfect* manner that any being can enjoy authority over another, I mean by being *beloved*; but the petition soon met the angry *denial* it merited. The neighbour, deeming himself vastly *more worthy* of command, replied in a rage, by a *requisition* of the like nature.

These are the *pretensions*, men mean to establish, when they discover what they fancy their *excellencies* one to another. But they waste their pains and time, *to no purpose*: as neither the most flattering compliments, nor wily harangues will ever bias a man, to *esteem* another *as much* as, not to say *more* than *himself*, or bestow *any power* on that other, which he *can* himself exercise. And were not *power*, the chief object of every one's desires, still the sense men entertain of the *fellness* of their own vitiated nature, would render them *extremely unwilling*, to confer more of it, on another, than what they *could not* keep from him. This Lord *Bolingbroke* owned, when
(with

(with the only difference that, what I term *fellness* and *barbarity*, he calls *frailty*) he observes, that “ *reason* does
 “ certainly instruct *every* man, even
 “ from a *consciousness of his own frailty*,
 “ &c. to trust as little power as *possible*
 “ to *any other man* *.”

But how would a man behave, were it possible for him, to arrive at the *authority*, he is, all the days of his life, in pursuit of? and first, before we endeavour to solve that question, let us add a few general remarks, to what we already said, on the nature of the power, possessed by one human creature, over another. It is not the dominion ambitioned, we mean to delineate. That, as was already observed, is of such wonderful extent, that it is utterly incomprehensible, and can only be hinted at by *negative* terms. Some faint idea has indeed already been conveyed of it in this book, when it was observed, there is no visible or invisible creature, which man does not wish to have *subject* to

* Dissertation on Parties, lett 13.

him,

him, and that, with an obedience unacquainted with the *least* restriction.

What we now propose to treat of is the power—not that which men *covet*, but that they may *possibly* enjoy, the use they make of the share they are entrusted with, and especially, being of the disposition we represented, in the former part of this essay, how they must necessarily act, towards their *inferiors*, had they reigned, free from the apprehension of any bad consequence to themselves, in case of misuse.

Though it be certain that no man, does naturally, and *of himself*, possess qualifications, which can enforce submission or obedience from other men, yet it often happens, that particular persons enjoy a sort of sway over others, which is called *rule* or *dominion*. This power, like *all other* good gifts, is communicated to them from above, that they may promote, as much as they are able, a willing submission to God—the *only real power*. But this divine purpose is almost always neglected; sovereigns being generally occupied more, in proclaiming

claiming and extending *their own* authority, than in laboring to draw the attention of other men, from themselves, in order that they may only see and consider the Creator, who reigns over all things.

In this perverse and unjust desire they however succeed. They are thought to be really powerful, *in themselves*, and *he*, from whom they derive their power, and who guides the execution of it, is very little considered or attended to. To the *earthly* emperor or king, many other men *seem* obedient; but, as was already said, the obedience is nothing less than solid. There appears union; but, in fact, there is nothing among them but *disunion*. They all *appear* peaceably subject to this one man, but in reality they are always, at least in desire, in a state of *actual war* against him. They only obey, until they can themselves find an opportunity to *govern*. *Fear* is the only tie, which keeps them, in this imperfect submission to him, and that being once removed, they always attempt to free themselves from it.

As

As their own particular *felicity* is the aim of all their actions, it is for *themselves* they labor, not for their monarch. Not one of them but strongly hopes to reign himself *hereafter*, over the persons and affections of all other beings; but until the period arrives, when these desires are to be accomplished, though he never ceases seizing as much royalty, in the mean time, as his fear will suffer him, he yet, by reason of the same *fear*, patiently endures, that another should usurp a throne, which by right, he thinks, only belongs to himself.

But whatever measures, he may keep exteriorly with his king or sultan, he in reality *hates him*, above all men. He may put his *body*, when he appears before him, into postures, which seem to denote *reverence* and *affection*; but it is all *hypocrisy*, as the emperor himself is often well aware of. For, in spite of their *prostrations* and *genuflexions*, he commonly has those *loving* subjects searched, for fear any of them should, in the midst of his *adorations*, as a proof of still *more ardent love*, thrust a dagger into his breast,

breast, as his *dear friends* did to *Julius Cæsar*. So different is every man's interior and *secret* opinion of other men, from the open and *avowed* language, he always uses, by way of compliment to himself and them, that they repose no confidence in each other, *but when it cannot be avoided*. And it is well judged : for inconceivable is one person's *hatred* necessarily against another, and especially against those in *power*, they being most in the way of what *every body covets*.

It is however *ludicrous* enough, to observe, how both king and subjects bestir themselves, to persuade one another, and *even themselves* (when their apprehensions are not too strong to suffer the *self-imposition* to be carried on) of their mutual affection. The subjects, when they think they cannot *conveniently* expel him, endeavour to make him, and what is more strange, *even themselves*, believe, that, though he were as stupid as CLAUDIUS, and as unfit to govern, yet that they esteem him the only person among them, equal to the weight of the supreme dignity. Nay what is
more,

more, when any of them finds it impossible for him, to assume the sovereignty *at present*, he will with the sweetest moderation in the world *protest*, and that even to himself, he is infinitely better pleased, the reigning prince, be he who or what he will, should continue in office, than be himself chosen in his stead. It would be a thousand pities to pass over such *wonderful modesty*, without attempting to explain its causes.

Be it then known, that when a man despairs of being immediately *able* to bring about what he desires, he either always conceals the actual *strength* of his desire from others, and even from himself, or he *almost* intirely persuades himself, he harbors no such desire at all. He cannot be *fully* and *intimately* satisfied, he had not the desire in question, because no being can be satisfied with, or firmly believe, what is not true: he, however, convinces himself of it, in *a great measure*, because it is necessary, for the enjoyment of any share of content or peace, that he

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should not be *thoroughly* sensible of his own weakness. For, were he fully acquainted with his *inability* to compass his wishes, he would, in that case, be very *miserable*, because this conviction would considerably diminish, or rather *intirely* take away, his *self-esteem*, in which the happiness of all rational beings consists.

Thus deprived of pride or self-opinion, *vanity* also ceases to exist. For suppose a person, *intimately* convinced of his own weakness or imperfection, and he would be totally indifferent to all the *poems* or *orations*, that would attempt to make him believe the contrary. Were men to have an exceedingly *exalted* or a very *mean* notion of themselves, vanity would find *no* entrance in *either* state. It is only, because men entertain an *hesitating* sort of belief of their merits, which conceit is frequently and successfully opposed by divine light, that they have recourse to *human* testimony, to *strengthen* themselves in the belief of their *own* *worth*. But the fancy of any *self-excellence* would immediately vanish,
if

If men were *truly sensible* of their utter inability to bring about their desires. Wherefore, to hide this mortifying sight of weakness from themselves and others, they *labor* to persuade themselves, and in *some measure* succeed, that they are *not* actuated by any such desires at all, or at least, in *no great degree*.

Hence proceed a multitude of the *impudent* assertions, people daily hear. One, for instance, who cannot constantly afford many courses at his table, will dare affirm, at first to others, at length *even to himself*, that he is as well content with a single service. But he is an *impostor*, and the worst of impostors, as he imposes even on *himself*, whom he is *more particularly* bound to lead, as much as in him lies, to the knowledge of *truth in all things*. For though this *self-seducer* may not covet to eat of every dish, in a repast of many courses, still he *wishes* it should be in his *power* to do so, if he chuses: moreover, expence of that sort, being *one* of the signs of *pomp* and *magnificence*, he really ambitions it, as he does stately palaces, costly

furniture, troops of attendants, and whatever else is calculated to convey an idea of *grandeur*.

Another juggler will protest, and sometimes even add *perjury* to *lying* by swearing, he is *as well* satisfied with one country house, as he would be with more; with two horses to his carriage, as with six; with a single servant behind it, as with many — thus ever ready to fill the minds of others, and *his own* with *falsehoods*, when he thinks they may, for a moment, contribute to avert his eyes, and those of his acquaintance, from the consideration of his *want of sufficiency*, to live in as much *splendor* as other people.

By these fallacious methods of concealing their *weakness* from themselves, and from as many more credulous fools, as they can persuade, men, it is true, do not fall *quite so low* in their own eyes. And, being still fortified with some remaining *good opinion* of themselves, they have spirit enough left, to sally out openly and violently into the highways, and there, as we have so often descri-

described, attempt to *rob* all passengers of their *esteem* and *affection*.

Having thus explained as briefly and clearly as I could, mankind's *dexterity*, in removing their eyes, from any prospect that might lessen their *imaginary importance*, which was closely connected with my subject, I return to the general remarks I have yet to make, on the disposition of kings and their subjects, towards each other.

It was before said, that subjects, *despairing* of being actually able to agree in dethroning the monarch, and in the apparent consequences of that measure, remain quietly in their allegiance. They do—but even while they continue in this sort of *forced subjection*, nothing is certainly more *deceitful* than the obedience paid him. It is all *mockery* and *illusion*. They sometimes concur with him, in the very *remote means* of the happiness he desires: but this *extorted* compliance is never with a view to *his* well-being, but always with a view to *their own*. He

uses *them*, as *means* to his happiness, and they make use of *him*, as the *means* of theirs. His bowels are *cruel* towards them ; and so are theirs, towards him. That is, whatever affection, he may through fear or other *bad* motive, seem to feel for them, he is in reality *disposed*, by the perverseness of his heart, to sacrifice them all to his *least gratification*, supposing he thought he could do it *with safety*; that is, supposing he did not dread a *greater evil* from such an action, than the *enjoyment* would be, which he expected from it. And they are all in the same *hostile* disposition towards him, by reason of the like principles, which are nearly as *corrupt* in the subjects, as the rulers.

It is true, that neither kings or their slaves would injure one another without proposing thereby *good* to themselves. This has been frequently insisted on, by several authors, especially of late, and is, I confess, indubitably true when *well* understood. But as many *complimentary* inferences, in favor of
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of mankind, have been deduced from the above *unexplained* principle, it is now time to examine it with some attention, and endeavour to shew, how unjustly people pretend to *philanthropy*, and other *imaginary* qualities, upon this very weak foundation.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

The use, or rather the horrible abuse, man would infallibly make of absolute power, were it possible to enjoy it, in the extensive manner, he virtually ambitions.

LET it be allowed, to Mr. *Hobbes*, that it is “ impossible, any man should take pleasure in other men’s great harms, without other end of his own *.”—I am ready to acknowledge this, not only of all *men*, but likewise with respect to every one of the *infernal spirits*. Nothing is more indubitably true, than that no being can love evil, *for evil itself*: and therefore, no being can take pleasure, in making any other creature unhappy, where it expects *no good* to itself, from the mi-

* *Leviathan*, part the first, chapter the sixth.
fery

fery of such a creature. But let us consider, how far this concession will authorize the *extravagant* and ridiculous encomiums, which some writers, in order to please men, bestow on them so undeservedly, and yet so plentifully.

Man is forsooth a very *harmless* creature, because he will not do great evils to others, unless he expects *some* pleasure or benefit to himself by the mischiefs. Alas! this is a very miserable *security*, were people to trust to it, which in fact no one does, when he can get any *better*. For by every law, institution, and regulation, authentic testimony is borne of the little good, that is to be expected from man, and how *prone* he is to *injure* others. Now though he will not do mischief to another, unless he expects it will be productive of *some* advantage to himself, yet the prospect of the *slightest* good, is often capable of making him doom *millions* of men to destruction, provided he be not restrained by *fear*, or by expectation of *greater* pleasure, from suffering those millions to live. And really
 6 it

it is a glaring *inconsistency* to maintain, with certain late writers, that man can, for any time, behave with *justice*, *benevolence*, or *goodness*, towards any being *like himself*, when he is, as we have seen, so base a *traitor* to the Creator, who is his *only* good, and who, by so many titles, merits all his affection. But the fact is quite *otherwise* — than: as these few *modern* authors contend: for their *sociable*, *humane*, and *friendly* man necessarily desires the *immediate destruction* of all things, as soon as he imagines they oppose the gratification of any of his favorite whims. — The most *trivial* failure, in any point of the ceremonious * attention, he *fancies* due to him,

* For no weightier reason, during the administration of the insufficient Count Duke d'Olivarez, was kindled the war between *France* and *Spain*, which, in its consequences, proved so fatal to the greatness of the latter, than because Cardinal *Richlieu*, in a letter to that nobleman, omitted, either through carelessness or design, to subscribe himself the Count Duke's MOST obedient servant, though he had declared himself therein,
his

him, begets a *persevering* and *leadens*
wrath,

his obedient and humble one. But the omission of the monosyllable *most*, throw the *Spanish* minister into a rage, which nothing could mollify, until, as was said, it involved his country in a most imprudent and unsuccessful war. A great many relations, most of them well-founded, of the implacable fury, *trifles*, like the above, have given rise to, and the melancholy issues they were attended by, may be read in Mons. *Richer's* "Great Events from Little Causes," to which we refer the reader; as we think it an undertaking more wanting in the study of moral philosophy, to inquire, *why* such crimes and follies so frequently did, and must happen among men, than to multiply instances of their having actually happened accordingly. For every history from that of *Cain's* jealousy towards his brother, to the complaint made by the *English* under *Charles the Second* against what they termed the *Dutch's* "*Abusive Pictures*," related in Mons. *Voltaire's* reign of *Lewis the Fourteenth*, is full enough of extensive accounts to the above purpose, which, as was just now observed, being *matters of fact*, are more their province than ours. Wherefore, considering the vast multitude of such instances, we produced them but very sparingly and briefly in this Essay, in order to leave the more room for reasoning.

wrath, as *Plautus* * calls it, which, like some of the deities of paganism, is not to be appeased without blood.— And were these writers themselves to incur his displeasure, no matter how— all the eloquent eulogies they poured forth on his *immense* *perfections*, contrary to the murmurs of their conscience, would not purchase them a moment's respite longer than their *less flattering* neighbours, from the *exterminating* frenzy of his *fluctuating* and *perturbed* heart.

Some men would sacrifice several hundred thousands of their fellow creatures, for what they call *rule* or *authority* to themselves. Some, that they might behold what they deem a *pleasing sight*, such as a *combat* or *great fire*, would throw away the lives of many of their own species, which lives, at the

* “ Si quid bene facias, levior *pluma* est

“ gratia,

“ Si quid peccatum est, *plumbeas* iras ge-

“ runt.”

Plaut. Pæn.

time

time they *wantonly* deprive the sufferers of them, they look upon, as the most valuable possession the latter enjoyed, and whose loss it will ever after be impracticable to repair. Others, like the emperor of *Morocco*, would kill—not pigs or dogs, but—*men*, to try their scymetars edge : which action in the emperor proceeded, either solely from a desire of exercising and manifesting his *power*, or solely from a *curiosity*, to have a sensible proof of his weapon's temper, or, as is more probable, from a *mixture* of both. It is not in the least material to the argument, to inquire, what the *particular motive* of such actions may have been : it is sufficient to know, in general, that they proceed from a *desire of happiness* ; and that those, who act in the above manner, though they do not perhaps believe, they shall be *at once* completely happy after the executions just mentioned, yet they must look upon them, as *means*, by which, with the assistance of *other means*, they shall hereafter arrive at the *supreme happiness*, every one is in quest of.

One

One after making *great havoc* in his dominions, during a long and bloody reign, gives orders that upon his death the principal nobility in the kingdom should be massacred, without any other cause, than in order to oblige the remainder to mourn, if not their *humane* prince's demise, at least their own friends and relations cut off at the same time.

Another *gentle* and *modest* man (doubtless a great boaster of *sensibility*, *philosophy*, and *philanthropy*) sets up a bonnet, on a pole near an high road, commanding all passengers, upon pain of *death*, to reverence it, as they would his *mightiness* himself, were he present in person.

A third *wished* a numerous people had but one neck, that he might *destroy* them by a single stroke. He who *desired* this, may, in a moral sense, be considered as having *done it*, power, not *inclination*, being alone wanting. For desire is an *action begun*, which the person who desires accomplishes, if he can, unless such desire is afterwards obliged to give place to some *stronger*.

Some

Some men have been ingenuous enough to express openly, the *inward* and real, though concealed and disguised sentiments of *all*, when they prayed that none might live after themselves *. I say this must be the *universal*, however hidden, ejaculation of all those, who seek for felicity in the enjoyments of this life : as all such *necessarily* hate, that others should still *continue* in possession of satisfactions, of which they themselves can no longer *partake*. This *grudging selfishness*, is visible to every body in the passion known by the name of *love*, and it is no less *real* and necessary, in all the other modes of *self-affection*, though it may not be so evident to the generality.

If then man *wishes*, that no other being should exist when he shall himself

* Ἐπεὶ πάντες γαῖα μυχῶντι πύλ.

But another prince thought it much *too long*, to have this calamity, so generally desired by *all* men, deferred till his death, when he could not himself be a joyful *spectator* of it; which made him alter the sentiment and say, ἐμὲ δὲ ζῶντος.

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be obliged to submit to death, is not this *annihilating* the whole creation, as far as he is able? For who will deny, but we would *actually* destroy those we *strongly desire* to exterminate, did we not dread some evil to *ourselves*, which might preponderate the pleasure we should receive from the ruin we long for?

It would be an endless work, to collect the instances of the above *slaughtering* and *inhuman* nature, which every history supplies but *too abundantly*. For, besides that the heaping up narrations of this sort would look like declamation or common place, which we have hitherto studiously endeavoured to avoid, they are moreover quite unnecessary, three or four examples being as sufficient for our purpose, as so many thousand. The next chapter will more fully discover, how far they contribute to evince the *horrid tendencies* of mankind, and of those more apparently, who approach *nearest* to despotic authority.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

A sovereign reigning with the unbounded authority every man longs for, supposed therefore free from the apprehension of punishment for misrule—Such a prince would certainly slaughter all his subjects, —Perhaps he would not leave one of them alive, at the end of his first year's reign.

I KNOW no reason any man should flatter himself with a *pretended* love for his species, because he may not have set a city on fire, like *Nero*, for the pleasure of seeing a fine sight, as that monarch thought it, or because he did not wish to slay several hundred thousand men at a blow, like the emperor *Caius*, commonly called *Caligula*, for some reason, which may be thought equally frivolous. If a person, who thus values himself on an *imaginary* attachment to

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man-

mankind, would not covet the death of, or actually destroy when he believed he could *safely* do it, multitudes of his species for such trivial motives, as are supposed to have urged the emperors we just spoke of, to desire or commit the above slaughters, yet he would *himself* massacre them *very freely*, for considerations or gratifications neither more equitable, nor, in the main, more important. If a man is murdered by an *Alexander*, or by a robber like *Cartouche*, it is of little consequence to him, whether the assassin was prompted to the injustice by lust of *empire*, or to become master of his *money*. Both desires are *equally* foolish, though they may not seem so; and *either* of them may prove alike fatal to those fellow creatures, every one *pretends* to have so *mightily at heart*. But if a man will not butcher another to become master of his money, or to enslave him and his country, he will *kill him*, because he is his *rival* in the passion called *love*, or because he has *more* piety, penetration, capacity, wit, or learning than

than himself; or because he is actuated by a sanguinary *curiosity* to see him bleed at the amphitheatre or bear-garden, or for some other motive equally *trifling and unjust*.

How little essential was it *in reality* to *Aman's* happiness, that he should be complimented or adored by *Mardochai*? and yet he fancied it of such *great* consequence, that he reputed every advantage, he so much valued before as *nothing*, while he was thus neglected by that independent Israelite. Since then he judged it necessary to his tranquility, that this nobleman should be in the respectful disposition towards him, he wished, or should no longer enjoy a *life*, which *Aman* found he did not employ to his honor; and since also he thought he might have him put to death, without any great *evil to himself*, he immediately resolves to *destroy*, not only him, but his *whole nation*, whose only crime was their being *Mardochai's* countrymen.

It will be said, he made his felicity consist in a most absurd and insignificant

cant delight, and that his arrogant and sottish desire of adoration, was the cause of his manifesting, in his revenge, a barbarity equal to his folly : but that an example like this will conclude nothing against men of *more* moderation, and who are less intoxicated, by an unmerited elevation.

Aman did nothing, but what it is very probable *all* other men, in the *like circumstances* would have done. I mean, there is no one who, like *Aman*, perceived himself *despised* by another, but must wish the *extirpation* of that person, or an alteration in his sentiments. The latter would, it is true, be *more agreeable* : but if that cannot be *immediately* brought about, the recollection of a man's finding an unexpected deficiency, in the *esteem* and *love* with which he covets to be treated, begets a sensation so *intolerably painful* and mortifying, that, had he thought all men guilty of this want of reverential attachment to him, he would instantly *destroy them all in fact*, or at least *in desire*, if he

He were restrained by *fear* from proceeding farther.

Badly disposed, as princes and their subjects are, towards one another, their mutual *dread* keeps them generally in a *seeming* peace. And astonishing does it on a first view appear, that persons, between whom so *rank an enmity* is engendered, because their pretensions are diametrically *opposite*, and intirely *inconsistent*, should notwithstanding, be so far withheld by their *terrors* as to be hindered from always doing *actual violence* to one another. For though every man who meets another tries all *possible means* which occur to him of *reigning* over that person, that is, of stealing or forcing his *affection*: and though this last, for the sake of peace, should pretend to a great deal of *consideration*, *esteem* and *love* for him, yet, as no one ever receives as *many* proofs of esteem or regard, as he *covets*, and as he *fancies* he deserves, strange is it indeed, that the stronger consulting only his present sentiments of ill-will, caused by the disappointment his mighty pro-

spects were just blasted with, does not immediately fall on the weaker, as believing him deficient in affection, and at once *destroy him without mercy!* The fear of being served in the same manner, by some stronger man; must be extremely *violent*, nay must have penetrated his *inmost* bowels, to be able to keep him from *instantly* punishing that want of *affection*, which, were he to live to eternity, must always give him *pain*, as often as it recurs to his remembrance.

To resume a part of what has been said, and proceed—Though no man wishes to distress any being, unless through expectation of *some* personal advantage, yet so very *small* a degree of hoped for good is sufficient to make him wish the destruction of, and in reality *actually* *destroy*, if he can do so with *safety* to himself, millions of his species, that we may, without the least apprehension of error, affirm, that if any man whatever, were it *Marcus Aurelius*, *Regulus*, *Fabricius*, *Camillus*, or *Lycurgus* enjoyed authority for a *single*

6 year

year over the rest of mankind, and was freed from all *dread* of punishment for misrule, there is little doubt but he would, for one reason or another, massacre *every individual* he had the least intercourse with. The apprehension of intire solitude would not have weight enough to preserve them *long*, from the ravaging effects of his *petulant* and *uncontrouled caprice*. For though it be certain, no man can be happy alone, yet this does not prove a prince, enjoying unlimited power, would leave a *single* subject alive. By killing them, it is true, he would mistake the means of happiness, so would he *also* by permitting them to live. One way of looking for felicity is *not a whit* more rational, than the other. And moreover, where the fear of losing life is out of the question, the passions *immediately* lay hold of what puts them in possession of a *present gratification*, without much reflection on the risk their *future* enjoyment may run thereby.

Thus the prince above-mentioned, perceiving his subjects want of *affection*

for him would be so great a sufferer by the view, that without any delay, or without allowing himself leisure to make *deep reflections* on the horrors of intire solitude, he would, to free himself from a *present* and *certain* evil, deprive each of them of existence at different times, if he did not slay them all at once.

That sophistical *hope*, which never fails, to come to the assistance of every one's strong desire, would, upon this occasion allure *Aristides*, *Titus*, *Juvenal's* meek *Thales*, and his "*dulci senex* "*vicinus Hymetto*," or whoever else is supposed prince, to expect to rule over some other men to be created hereafter, who should *love him better*. Or supposing however sanguine his hopes may be, he could lay no stress on so very improbable an expectation, it would, at least, make him believe, that, since there is no *danger* of his losing his own life by thus destroying mankind, he must undoubtedly be happier without, than with them: that he has experienced the *present* evil, and found it *insupportable*: that though he should
not

not much meliorate his condition, by the death of those men, yet that the measure cannot possibly load it with any additional distress: and that, in fine, it would be adviseable to put his purposes into *immediate* execution, as he has *some* reason to expect an alteration for the better, but *none* to apprehend any, for the worse.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

More arguments to prove all men slaves to one passion or another—therefore supremely wicked either actually or virtually, that is, by the preparatian or disposition of their hearts.

THE answer generally given to facts, like those related, and reasoned on in the two last chapters is, after first loading with *obloquy and abuse* the few, who have had sufficient *resolution and sincerity* to point out the weakness and wickedness of mankind, to say in vague and general terms: that they are but instances of the corruption and profligacy of particular persons: that the perpetrators of those atrocious crimes are held in detestation by all men. That others, in the same high stations, have conducted themselves with *gentleness and humanity*, though they had as little cause to fear conspiracies and insurrections,

rections, by committing acts of cruelty and injustice, as the princes, whose memories are become infamous by such proceedings. And that therefore *perfidy, oppression, tyranny, and murder*, so far from being the *necessary and universal*, are not even the *general* tendency of those who are not as yet *practical Christians*.

It is much to be lamented that this conclusion is weak and ill-drawn. For it does not at all follow, because some absolute princes have used their power moderately, and even for the benefit of their subjects, that they were not *disposed* to injure and *destroy* them, if they had opposed, or stood in the way of a *favourite and ruling* passion, which is all that is now contended for. It has been already acknowledged that no king, or other person will molest any creature whatever, unless stimulated thereto by an *expected* interest or pleasure. What we maintain is, that a *very small* share of interest suffices to urge most men, and a great degree to impel them *all*, to wish the destruction of the *whole*
world,

world, if they fancy they cannot otherwise enjoy the advantage in question.

Indeed, it rarely happens, that any man conceives he has an interest, which he actually imagines incompatible with the existence of his *whole* species; but if he had, or thought he had, who can pretend to say, he would not exterminate *every individual* of them, were it in his power, always supposing him unrestrained by *fear*? Who can answer, for what a prince in this situation would do, *unchained*, as we suppose him, from the apprehension of a knife or bullet?

But to come still closer to the point, and enter fairly and roundly into the argument—Will any one have the boldness to deny, that a man, though heretofore in all appearance as peaceable, just, merciful, and so forth, as can be imagined, will not hesitate, to put a *single person* unjustly to death if thereby he may gratify the passion of *revenge*, or those called *love* and *friendship*, or that of *fame*; but above all supposing, by the unjust condemnation of this *one* man,

man, he might enjoy an absolute and peaceable *sovereignty* over a great and flourishing empire?

Let any one propose this question to himself with *sincerity*, and in its full force: then, if, after a thorough examination of himself, he *dares* affirm, that to enjoy the most brilliant *crown* in the universe, or to possess the most splendid and extensive *reputation*, or to be master of the most immense *wealth*, or, in a word, to enjoy whatever he is sensible is his *chief delight*, and the chief object of his wishes—if, I say, he will answer, that to gain these or any other of the most valued advantages, he would not consent to the unjust death of the *meanest* of his species, or to do him any other *material* injury whatsoever, then it is granted, that a great part of what was advanced in this book is injudicious and erroneous. Then Lord *Shaftesbury*, Mr. *Hume*, Mr. *Sterne*, (not to speak of less ingenious, and less judicious writers, as Mr. *Fiddes*, Mr. *Hutcherson*, &c.) may continue to reflect, on those authors, however eminent, who
have

have represented human nature in *nearly* the same light, though upon *different* principles, and that the *conclusions* were not, I believe, pushed as far as they are here.

Nicole, Pascal, Rochefaucault, Taylor, Guicciardini, Comines, la Bruïere, Sacy, Gother, the late Mezanguy, Hobbes, Mandeville, Swift, and many other moderns, not to say a word of the ancients, or of those, who, like Montaigne, Bayle, Trublet, and Monsieur J. J. Rousseau, may be cited, on both sides of the question will come in, some for a greater, and some for a less share of censure on the same account.—But to return to the argument with sincerity and candour.

If, as has been proposed, any one can *answer* for himself, or for some other person of whom he may have conceived a good opinion, that none of the inducements above-mentioned would be able to tempt him to commit a manifest act of injustice, then is all that has been said to this purpose by me and many others, groundless and false. It must however be once more observed, that

that no considerations or restraints arising from the Christian religion can be allowed, upon this occasion. Because man, as was already often hinted, is considered here in the *natural state*, without any view to *sanctifying grace*. They, who of late professedly attempt to *vindicate* human nature leave *religion* quite out of the question, and found their apologies and vindication on a pretended *rectitude* or *goodness* in the nature of man, *abstracted* from, and *prior* to any particular revelation. It is on the same footing he is treated of all along in this Essay.

Once more, if a *single* person can be found in the universe, whom no motives of *interest* or *pleasure* (to leave *pain* quite out of the question) have power to seduce into an act of *injustice*, though secure from the fear of death or the loss of reputation, then, I think, the vindicators and apologists shall have gained their cause. But if, on the contrary, there is *no man* who, to gratify fully some *prevailing passion*, would not deviate from *strict justice*
and

and *probity* in an *essential point*, in that case, I believe, however unwilling people may be to acknowledge it, the advantage will be on *our side*.

Nothing but the confidence arising from truth, could induce any one to state the matter in dispute in *so fair*, though to himself *disadvantageous* a light. By neglecting to derive assistance from man's fear of *bodily pain*, though undoubtedly one of the *strongest* incitements to injustice that could be urged, a person deprives himself of the many *forcible arguments*, which might be deduced thence in his favor. But by appealing *finally* to every one's *observation* and *feelings*, he leaves himself bare of all subterfuge, and of every advantage, but what naturally and necessarily results from *plain reason and evidence*.

While people contented themselves with arguing about the motives of the actions of *Anaxagoras, Aristides, Socrates, Regulus, Curtius, Cato, Lucretia, Lord Falkland*, &c. there was too large a field left open for the tergiversation
and

and sophistical reasoning of the contending parties. Here there is little room for *evasions* or rash inductions; as it is reasonable to suppose every body better acquainted with *himself*, and the *springs* and *sources* of his own actions, than he is with those of persons long since dead. Besides there are no probable grounds for imagining, that because almost all the famous personages, just mentioned, lived in *ancient times*, they were, on that account, necessarily *more* virtuous than any to be *now* met with.

Let it then be answered, whether there be *any one* proof against the temptations already mentioned. If, as is apprehended, it shall be answered in the negative, the most favourable consequences to the opinions here supported, will naturally follow from the concession. For if it be once granted, there is no man unrestrained by the fear of death, loss of reputation, and the servile dread of punishment in a future state, who would not, for some great interest or enjoyment, be guilty of one

K

action,

action, which he himself would deem *oppressive* and *unjust*, why may he not, by the like means, be induced to commit more? If a man to *gain empire* will put *one* man to death unjustly, what security have we that he may not kill ten, a thousand, or an *hundred thousand*, upon the same or an equally frivolous account? When he makes *one* man suffer death, or any other *great* evil, contrary to the known rules of equity, it is plain that if he stops there, it is not by considerations of *justice*, he is prevented from proceeding farther. Justice is *as much*, though indeed not so repeatedly violated by the murder of *one* person, as by that of *many*. When then he sacrifices that virtue to his passions in *one instance*, what assurance can be given, that he will not do so in many more?

It may be true, that the *same* passion will not induce all men to commit the same crimes. This only proves, the *same* passion has not an *equal* dominion over all men. *Avarice* will make one unjust; *lust* another; *envy* another; love

love of *power* a fourth; desire of *revenge* a fifth; some passion or another will render *every body* so.

What then is become of the *dignity** and *moderation* of human nature, which some authors are of late incessantly setting forth in the most *engaging*, but *deceitful* colours? If they really *exist*, and are as *admirable* and *efficacious* as they are represented, why were they not able, at least *once* since the creation, to preserve a man from indulging, not a weak, but some *strong* and *violent desire*? If they neither could nor can effect this, how can their *existence* be proved; and though it should, in the name of true Christian virtue, ever *stable*, ever *consistent*, ever *persevering*, I demand, what they are *good for*? One might with as much propriety extol the *temperance* and *inoffensiveness* of tigers and wolves, who, when their ap-

* No reflection can have been intended above on Mr. *Burgh*, who, I find, lately published two volumes on the dignity of human nature, which I never read, and only this moment sent for, in consequence of seeing them advertised.

petites are sated, cease, *for a little time*, to be prowling devourers, as boast of *real* or *imaginary* qualities, that of themselves never can restrain a single man, or effectually confine him, within the bounds of *humanity* and *justice*, when prompted by any *ruling passion* to transgress them.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

The leading principles in this work proved from scripture and the fathers.

BUT there may be found persons unreasonable enough to ask, why I all along suppose every one, not actually in a state of *sanctifying grace*, a slave to some *inordinate* inclination or another? To such it will be sufficient to answer, that it is because I also suppose the *truth of the Christian religion*. I did not undertake to write an *evangelical demonstration*; but took the authenticity of revelation for granted. From thence I set out, supposing or begging *no other question whatever*, any way controverted. And surely the one now before us, ought not to be considered in that light. For what divine of any note, receiving the *gospel* dispensation, ever expressly contended, that a man, not in

the state of *actual justification*, or, at least, in one *preparatory* to it, may possibly be exempt from one or more disorderly passions? To maintain this, would be to confound every thing; would be supporting a contradiction in terms. The idea hitherto always entertained by Christians of a state of *impiety*, was its necessarily implying an irregular or vicious inclination in the mind, *predominant* over the soul's natural tendency to, or feeble desire of, virtue. The notion held of *justice* is that of a disposition, contrary to this now mentioned. He, not in the *latter* happy condition, where the scripture tells us a man, not endued with faith, can never be, is *necessarily* immersed in the *former*: an *intermediate state* between one of virtue and another of vice, or, in other words, between justice and injustice, nowhere existing. The soul, as the fathers of the Christian church, and Saint *Augustin* in particular, are ever repeating, not being able to subsist without *love*, that of what is *right* or *reasonable* in every material affair constitutes *virtue*,
justice,

justice, or *charity** : but a love of what is *disorderly* or *perverse*, is *injustice* or *vice*.

Now one or other of these *contrary* affections, that is, either the love of *right*, or that of *wrong*, must bear a *decisive sway* in every spiritual substance without exception, and therefore in the *soul of man* also, which, as was said, cannot exist without a *predominant inclination*. There is no poising the balance of our love *evenly* between vice and virtue; one of the scales will through necessity *preponderate*†. The wealth of goodness, whoever does not *gather*, is

* Quid est enim *boni cupiditas*, nisi *Charitas*?

S. Aug. lib. 2. ad Bonifac. cap. 9. n. 21.

Quasi vero aliud sit bona voluntas quam *Charitas*. Id. de gr. Christ. cap. 21.

† Nemo volens aliquid facit, quod non in corde suo prius dixerit quod verbum amore concipitur *sive creatura sive Creatoris*, id est, aut *naturæ mutabilis*, aut *incommutabilis veritatis*. Ergo AUT CUPIDITATE, AUT CHARITATE.

S. August. de Trinit. lib. 9. cap. vii.
num. 12 et 13.

K 4.

most.

most certainly *scattering*. He who is not *helping* to build up the house of righteousness, which is not made by human hands alone, is surely *throwing it down*. Each person belongs either to *Joshua*, or *his adversaries*; to remain in a state of *neutrality* between them being utterly impracticable. Every human creature must take *the Lord* for his God, or follow *Baal*, and serve him.. Should any people attempt to *unite* the worship of both, and pretend to fear the Lord, while, at the same time, they continue idolatrous slaves to their passions, the *jealous Creator*, who cannot share his glory with another, will immediately send in the *vices*, tropologically designed in holy writ by the name of *wild beasts*, to exterminate all remaining *good* from among such a nation. Whatever man is not distinguished in the forehead by the *Tau*, is necessarily marked with the *sign of antichrist*. There are no more than *two* lots cast into the urn; one for *the people of God*, who are the virtuous, the other

other *for all nations*, who are *every individual of them* impious. *Accurate* as was the information *Solomon* constantly labored to acquire, he could discover *only two* sorts of men: the *one wise*, whose hearts were situated *on the right*; that is, who had placed their affections on *eternal* things: the other *foolish*, whose regard chiefly set on *perishable* advantages, is, for that reason, with the utmost figurative propriety, said to be on the *left*. The same prince, in a moral sense, admitted but *two* points, the *north* and *south*; towards one of these diametrically opposite directions, he affirms, the *tree* of our *love* ultimately falls, where, by the force of irresistible attraction, it will be compelled to remain for ever. *Jeremiah* saw but *two* baskets of figs; one of them *good*—VERY GOOD; the other *bad*—EXCEEDING BAD. We are acquainted with *two* hands only: the *right*, where the *pious* are placed; and the *left*, where the wicked dwell. The *former* compose THE CITY OF GOD; the *others*, THE CITY OF THIS WORLD*.

WORLD *. The *first* are the good grain ; the *latter* nothing but chaff. The *first* were

* Desirous to avoid, as much as possible, too many citations of any great length in this essay, we shall adduce but few, and them short passages, from St. *Augustin* and some others, in support of every thing advanced in the present chapter. Though of late the fathers are, alas ! very little read, still he now spoken of, is, in general, much oftener consulted than any of the rest, especially his large work ON THE CITY OF GOD. That treatise will be found to correspond every where with what we all along principally maintain, to wit, that the celebrated Pagans of antiquity were not, and, without faith, *could not be really virtuous*, but belonged all of them to what he calls *the city of this world*, or *society of the unrighteous*, whose first member was *Cain*. His writings against the *Pelagians*, his comment on the *Psalms*, and indeed most of his other works, are full of the same truth, as well as of that other, which we make so much use of in this chapter, viz. that the soul of man cannot remain for any time without some *ruling affection* : that this superior, ruling, or predominant love is the WEIGHT, by which it is drawn towards whatever is *its favourite object* : again, that the

were *lovely* and *loved* from the beginning ; the others ever *hateful* and *hated*.

The

the *soul's love* is its FEET or WINGS on which it moves towards whatever has *captivated* its regard : that there are but *two loves* in the world ; the one of GOD, the other of a man's SELF : and that, in fine, these are what distinguish solely the *two societies* or *cities* he treats of so extensively ; the former love, I mean that of GOD being the *leading affection* of the citizens of the *celestial city* ; the love of SELF the ruling one in the *numerous society of the reprov'd*. Under these, and the like images, does he, on all occasions, inculcate the doctrine we deliver, explain, enlarge on, and draw consequences from throughout this whole discourse. To quote his words, letter by letter, would be endless and unnecessary, as well because his works, especially the city of God, are full of nothing else, as because, we this moment translated the substance of some of the most decisive of them. Moreover, we suppose the serious reader no stranger to his writings, to the last mentioned book in particular, where he will observe the above or equivalent expressions in almost every chapter.

The other holy doctors are scarce less tenacious of the same principles, especially of its
not

The former are *vessels of honor*; the latter of *contumely*. *Them*, the Lord knows, by

not being possible for man to remain without affection. We shall cite some out of a multitude of their axioms to this purpose word for word, because they are very short, and not so generally perused in this country, as the writings of the father already so often mentioned:

“Rationalis animus,” says the great Saint Leo, “*sine dilectione ESSE NON POTEST.*”

Serm. 5. in Jejun. sept. mensis.

“Esse quidem: *sine dilectione anima NON POTEST.*”

S. Greg. Mag. lib. 18. in Job: cap. viii. num. 6.

“Voluntas creaturæ rationalis *sine qualicunque amore non potest esse.*”

S. Fulgent. ad Monim. cap. xviii.

The prevailing affection, these holy and enlightened personages tell us man must always be affected with, towards some object or another, cannot in infidels, as it was lately (as it had been heretofore in the beginning of the essay) proved, be the *pure love of preference for God*. It is then of necessity, there being only *two* affections, as was already shewn from Scripture and Saint Augustin, and agreeable also:

by name; but as to *these*—he never so much as knew, whence they came: for they are all *workers of iniquity*. Whoever, in fine, is not really and truly a SAINT, that is one of the *former class*, necessarily belongs to the *latter*; and is therefore, to all intents and purposes, ABOMINABLE AND ACCURSED.

There being then no *middle state* between one of virtue and one of vice, we have now only to inquire to which of these two opposite conditions *Titus* belongs. It is but very lately such a question was controverted among any persons calling themselves *Christians*. In former times, it had been always thought a consequence immediately flowing from the principles of our sacred

also to the rest of the venerable teachers of the Christian church, as well as to reason and experience——the *ruling* passion, I say, of *unbelievers*, and other criminal men is, and can be no other, than *the polluted and impious love of SELF*,—the *source* of every corruption and vice, and which never yet germinated a single bud of any *genuine* virtue.

doctrine,

doctrine, that *Titus* and all other infidels must have been *wicked*, in every sense of the word.

This none of the faithful made any doubt of, because they considered, that *Titus's* soul could not subsist without a *predominant affection*: that this affection *must be* either virtuous or vicious: that it could not possibly be the *former*, because virtue being the love of a SUPERNATURAL good, *Titus* could not, especially since *Adam's* fall, entertain a love of preference for it without *supernatural assistance**. They next inquired whe-

* “ Certum est nos velle cum volumus, sed
“ ille (deus) FACIT ut *velimus bonum*
“ Certum est nos facere cum facimus; sed ille
“ FACIT ut faciamus, præbendo *vires effica-*
“ *cissimas* voluntati.”

S. August. de Grat. et lib. arbit. cap. xvi. .

“ Deus homines ad seipsum omnipotentissima
“ facilitate convertit, ac *volentes ex nolentibus*
“ FACIT.”

Id. epist. 117 alias 107. num. 24. .

“ Benedictio dulcedinis est gratia Dei, qua
“ FIT in nobis ut nos delectet et cupiamus,
“ hoc est, *amemus* quod præcipit nobis; in qua
“ si

whether he had been favoured by an extraordinary help of this sort, without which he *could not possibly* give justice the preference in his affections, or, in other words, make it *reign in his heart*; and they soon learned no such favor had been done him. This they easily discovered by adhering closely to their principles, which taught them, that, were *Titus* deemed worthy of the *supernatural assistance* above-mentioned, the *first* step his Divine Helper would

“ si nos non *prævenit* Deus, non solum non
“ perficitur, sed NEC INCHOATUR ex nobis.”

Id. lib. 2. ad Bonif. cap. ix. num. 21.

“ Si charitas non ex Deo, sed ex homini-
“ bus, vicerunt Pelagiani; si autem ex Deo,
“ vicimus Pelagianos.”

Id. lib. de Grat. et lib. arbit. cap. xviii.
num. 37.

“ Quando deo donante ex vera vivitur fide,
“ ipse deus adest et menti illuminandæ, et con-
“ cupiscentiæ superandæ, et molestiæ perferen-
“ dæ. Hoc enim totum recte fit, quando fit
“ propter ipsum, id est, quando gratis amatur
“ ipse, qualis amor nobis esse NON POTEST,
“ nisi ex ipso.”

Id. lib. 5. contra Julian. cap. iii. num. 9.

have

have taken, would be to inflame his heart with as much love towards *revelation*, as might be necessary to *incline his understanding to submit cheerfully thereto* *. But even so much never having

* To argue against us out of St. *Justin* Martyr, where he supposes the salvation, consequently *sanctity* of *Socrates*, would be no way to the purpose.

For, in the first place, this ancient father is singular in that opinion; his supposition being altogether unsupported by any other eminent teacher, either prior in point of time or subsequent to him.

Secondly, by his favorable thoughts of the above studious man, commonly called philosopher, he so little opposes our principles, that what he says serves rather to confirm them. So far is he, I say, from insinuating that *goodness* is to be acquired without *faith*, that he fancies *Socrates* had been blessed with the possession of this first and *fundamental* virtue, and that in so high a degree, as to have thereby irritated the evil spirits to procure his death; which is in a manner saying, he died a martyr to his orthodoxy. Wherefore Saint *Justin's* notion is at most but an error in a matter of fact, which mistake of his does not derive its origin from tenets

having been done for him though he is stiled "*deliciæ humani generis*," so far must he have always been from a *really*

tenets differing in the least from the universal belief of the other doctors and the rest of the faithful, concerning the necessity of faith, before any claim be laid to wisdom, prudence, equity, fortitude, temperance, or to any other genuine intellectual or moral virtue. And as for a *true* good will to mankind in general, or *real* friendship towards any particular individual, which certain writers persuade themselves are so very common among Infidels and other irreligious men, St. Augustin clearly informs us, in his 155th letter addressed to Marcellinus, how vain and impossible professions made to this effect, by persons under the above unhappy circumstances, must be; because no one, he affirms, can harbour a proper affection for man, who loves not man's Maker: "*hominem recte diligere nescit, quisquis eum non diligit, qui hominem fecit.*" But this inestimable attachment to the Creator, our *pretended* humane unbelievers, being, as we have repeatedly shewn, totally deficient in, they must be equally so in that philanthropy, or regard towards one another, which they are so often boasting of themselves, and flattered for by others in their own miserable situation.

virtuous disposition, that he remained all his life an *utter stranger* to its *first elements*.

All this was heretofore judged so evident by the orthodox, that we are almost ashamed to have spoken of it at all, though in this very summary manner: and, in truth, nothing but the boldness with which contrary sentiments are maintained of late, could have induced us to take even this little notice of what we thought too trite, and well known, to merit being at all dwelt on. The present Essay had even been finished a considerable time before there was the least intention of adding this chapter to it.

But when writers began to be talking to us daily of the *justice* and *goodness* of *Aristides*, *Titus*, *Socrates*, and so many other noted *unbelievers*, never once troubling themselves to inform us when *their good men* had received FAITH, by which the scripture tells us the *just person lives*, and without which, as the same divine book declares, “ *it is impossible to please God;*”——do not
such

such reiterated efforts, made by so many authors in the same country, nearly about the same time, and much to the same purpose, afford strong suspicions of a sort of concerted design against the doctrine of the necessity of faith, preparatory to righteousness: and are they not manifestly calculated to intimate, that *justice* can very well be attained to without the ever before thought *necessary foundation* now mentioned?

If *Titus* was really *just*, we may lock up our churches as soon as we please, or convert them into taverns and brothels, provided indeed we can discover the *secret* he found out to become righteous *without faith*. It would be also very material for us to know, *who made him just*—(God it could not be; and our adversaries are *too polite*, ever to say it was)—for to whoever endowed him with justice, we shall address our prayers: no body being better intitled to our *most profound adoration* than he, who can bestow on us that sole really valuable gift. And if it was by his *na-*

tural strength alone he acquired it, to him we will direct our humblest supplications: for, not content with saying like *Erasmus*, "*holy Socrates pray for us;*" we shall rather implore *Titus* to *have mercy on us*, by bestowing on us the whole, or part of the virtue we are told he conferred on himself; beseeching him likewise in the end of our petition, to deliver us from evil, that is chiefly from the *great evil of sin*, as he had gloriously delivered himself therefrom, while he was a sojourner on earth.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

The futilities late writers mean when they talk of humanity—liberality—sentiments—politeness—sensibility—FINE feelings—tears, &c.—shewn to be no checks to a man's crimes, in opposition to Mr. Sterne, and the authors of most of the late comedies and romances—proved to be rather aggravations of them, from the greater corruption of people of quality, who value themselves most upon the aforesaid feelings—tears—raptures, &c.

OUR opponents, sensible, as one might imagine, of the weakness of the cause they undertook to defend, argue *very little, or very loosely* in support of it. Though many of them are persons of no inconsiderable *abilities*, and appear, on other occasions, thorough judges of *close and cautious reasoning*; on the sub-

ject of human nature, however, which they labor in a manner to *beatify*, what they offer appears general, vague, and unconnected. *Personal recrimination* and invective frequently supply the place of *argument*: and principles from *reason* or *revelation* are never sought for, much as they would be wanting to aid them to refute the systematic and well-argued account, the *early Christian writers* deliver of man's *enormous profligacy*.

The most these authors do, is now and then to produce some celebrated *pagan* of antiquity, whom historians have represented in a favourable light, and after exaggerating what they term his virtues, and expatiating on them without seeming to know when to have done, at last to demand triumphantly, how we shall be able to reconcile such *goodness* (as some of them are not ashamed to call it) with the universal, necessary, and extreme corruption, we contend for in the human species.

The late Mr. *Sterne*, who labored a good deal, in these vindications and favorable (I must stile them *partial*) representations

presentations of mankind, through what *motive* I shall not pretend to determine, as our adversaries often do most rashly, illiberally, and invidiously, with regard to writers on our side of the question — Mr. *Sterne*, I say, introduces a species of *defence*, very different from what was before in use among panegyrists on the race of our *terrestrial Adam*.

Others, in order to foment the fatal blindness to which we are of ourselves already but too obnoxious, with respect to the glaring infirmity and wickedness of our nature, bring forward a *Titus*, *Licurgus*, *Aristides*, and some few besides, whose vices were all in a manner absorbed, or at least prevented from appearing *exteriorly* in *all their deformity*, by an iniquitous love of *glory*. But Mr. *Sterne* attempts to evince the rectitude or goodness of human kind; by means of one of the most detestable and shameless villains that ever disgraced it, and whom he acknowledges himself to have been such.

The effort he made choice of is *so odd*, and his inferences *so extravagant* (unless

from a long habit of *ironical raillery* he intended them as *jefts*, though in the midst of a *sermon*) that we shall transcribe the passage at full length, were it only to manifest how greatly he must have relied on the *partiality* of his hearers, when he undertook to render them still more enamoured of their *dear selves* than they were already, by representations and arguments, which, one would naturally think, not ill-calculated to produce a *quite contrary* effect, on a less *prepossessed* auditory.

‘*Alexander*, the tyrant of *Pheres*,’ says he in the first volume of his sermons, ‘who, though he had so industriously hardened his heart, as to seem to take delight in cruelty, in so much as to murder many of his subjects every day, without cause and without pity; yet at the bare representation of a tragedy, which related the misfortunes of *Hecuba* and *Andromache*, he was so touched with the fictitious distress which the poet had wrought up in it, that he burst out into a flood of *tears*. The explication
of.

“ of which inconsistency is easy, and
 “ casts as great a *lustre upon human na-*
 “ *ture*, as the man himself was a disgrace
 “ to it. The case seems to have been
 “ this ; in real life he had been blinded
 “ with passions, and thoughtlessly hur-
 “ ried on by interest or resentment :
 “ but here there was no room for mo-
 “ tives of that kind ; so that his atten-
 “ tion being first caught hold of, and all
 “ his vices LAID ASLEEP ; then nature
 “ awoke in triumph, and shewed how
 “ deeply she had sown the SEEDS of
 “ compassion in every man’s breast ;
 “ when tyrants, with vices the most at
 “ enmity with it, were not able entirely
 “ to root it out.’

If the *great lustre* reflected on hu-
 man nature by Mr. Sterne’s tyrant
 amounts to no more than what we have
 seen, it is indeed very inconsiderable—
 it is *nothing*. A man’s vices must then
 be *laid asleep*, before even the *seeds of*
compassion can appear. And when, ac-
 cording to Mr. Sterne, they *did* appear,
 what were they good for, as they never
 grew up to *maturity*? What benefit did

Alexander

Alexander himself, or any one else, derive from his *seeds of compassion*, since, in real life, he seldom or never acted under their influence? We were just told; a prince, through interest and resentment, inhumanly massacres his own subjects *every day*, and is not touched with the least pity for them, or, at least; with not enough to stop his horrid proceedings, and shall it be said that because *he falls a-crying* at the fictitious distresses of women he never saw, and whom if he had, and that he considered them as the least obstacles to his ambition or sensual pleasures, he would not hesitate a moment to sacrifice to those passions, like such multitudes of others in whose favor so many moving considerations had pleaded in vain—and shall it, I say, be expressly affirmed a man of this detestable character reflects a *lustre* upon human nature, on no better foundation but because certain—I know not what *seeds of compassion*, were not *intirely* rooted out of him?

But whether they were or were not will appear of very *little moment* to rational

trional people, until it shall be discovered how he could have behaved more cruelly in case those *boasted seeds* had been all pulled up. These *seeds*, if they really exist in the breasts of such monsters, render them still more odious to those, who have the misfortune of a connection with them: for they mock the public with the promise of a *crop of goodness*, which they never yield. *Seeds*, and even blossoms of virtue, rather aggravate than lessen a man's guilt, if not succeeded by the *fruit* they gave people room to hope for. The husbandman often coming in full expectation of at last reaping an abundant *produce* from his *choice seed*, and finding nothing after all the labor he had taken in the sowing and culture, but useless leaves or noxious briars and thistles, is but the more ready to curse an ungrateful soil, on which such extraordinary pains and charges had been expended *to no purpose*.

This is a just type of the *unprofitable* ground of *Alexander's* heart. He is the *barren vineyard*, that either produces
nothing,

nothing, or only "*fruits of bitterness,*" to the planter. Full as his eyes appear of the moisture of *lenity*, if any drops descend from thence to the *heart*, they incorporate with the *ocean of gall* they find there, and soon contract, or even perhaps *add* to its *acidity*.

He is indeed, as we are informed, very liberal of *tears* to people that, happily for themselves, are beyond the reach of *his clutches*; but he is much more liberal of *condemnations* and *torments* to his unfortunate subjects, who would nevertheless very freely dispense with such instances of his munificence. It has been shewn in another work not published, how very equivocal a sign of goodness of heart this *facility of shedding tears* is, though so highly rated at present among a people celebrated for humanity,—by none but *themselves* *.

Like

* Monsieur J. J. Rousseau after he had in the second book of his *Emilius* observed, that 'the *barbarity* of the *English* is well known,' resumes the same subject in a note, and says: 'I am not
' *igno-*

Like those shed by the prince under consideration, *tears* are frequently the forerunners of, if not attendants on *obduracy* and *barbarity*, upon occasions that demand most benevolence and mercy. Such were the empress *Messallina's tears*, who, being present at the defence of *Valerius Asiaticus*, whom she was iniquitously prosecuting, could not forbear *weeping*, at the manly and forcible manner, in which he made his innocence appear, so as to leave his accusers no

ignorant that the English talk greatly of their *humanity*, and call themselves a *good-natured* people; but they may boast of this character as much as they will, *no body gives it them but themselves.* See Signior *Baretti*, in his *Animadversions on Doctor Sharpe*, where he often makes ironical mention of "*good-natured Englishmen*, and particularly of *good-natured English travellers.*" See also *Mons. Voltaire* and the Abbot *le Blanc's Letters*—the anonymous author of '*Les Sauvages de l'Europe,*' and even many passages from several English writers of reputation (not to mention the prejudiced and acrimonious *Daniel de Foe*, nor our own cotemporary Doctor *Shebbeare* though a much better writer)—to the same purpose.

possibi-

possibility of refuting him. But did this fine *sensibility*, and *feeling*, which the inhabitants of one of the most *stern*, *harsh*, and *inhospitable* nations in Europe are daily boasting of—did they, I say, avail *Asiaticus*? did they afford him the protection his innocence merited, and which a calm and settled habit of justice would have granted of itself, without being melted to it by “*an ordinary inundation*,” as Shakespeare calls this sort of *tears* *? Not at all. The *tender-eyed* though not *tender-hearted* lady rises from her seat, *feeling immensely*, no doubt, for *poor Asiaticus*—she however, as she is withdrawing to wipe away her tears, whispers *Vitellius* one of the wicked instruments of her complicated iniquity, who sat as his judge, and who *wept* likewise, ‘*to take care not to let the accused nobleman by any means escape.*’ Such is commonly the issue of *tears* which the most lustful, savage, and inhuman can gene-

* Shakesp. King John, Act. 5. sc. 2.—he elsewhere calls tears a *woman's gift*—and *vain dew*.

rally supply in *most abundance*, seldom to any better purpose than to *harden* them the more in their vices, by making them fancy in themselves, I know not what *imaginary* humanity and goodness of disposition, to which they are in reality utter strangers in conduct.

Who shed tears in greater plenty (as the scripture informs us in several places) than the profane *Esau*? And yet he has scarce time to dry them up, before he meditates the death of his worthy brother. *Saul*, whose heart is as black as an *Aethiopian's* skin, bursts out to day into *lamentations* for his cruelty and ingratitude to his virtuous son-in-law *David*. But let no one be deceived by him or his *weeping*; for he will pursue him soon, for what I know *to-morrow*, with as ardent and unrelenting a *fury* as before. But why instance in lesser villains, when we behold that worst and vilest of *harlequins*, who stiled himself *Antiochus the illustrious*, *weeping* for the murder of the single *Onias*, while he unmercifully and *deliberately* slaughters, often with the most excruciating tor-

tortures, so many thousands of *men, women, and children*, who had never offended him, otherwise than by being excellent in virtues, in fortitude especially, which he either possessed not at all, or despaired of attaining to in a degree equally eminent?

May we not reasonably infer from so many striking examples of the inefficacy of these *sudden emotions* to produce any lasting *habit* of benevolence, that the *tears* of wicked and sanguinary men are, like the fastings and humiliations of the *godly* in the time of the common-wealth in *England*, ordinarily nothing but *preludes* or *preparations* to new scenes of villany and oppression? For although their iniquity should for a moment be checked thereby, on the next temptation, they return to their accustomed vices with *redoubled* violence, as if to make themselves amends for the short time they were *inadvertently stolen* into sentiments of moderation and humility.

And in effect, who do we perceive more frequently *weeping, sighing, sobbing,*

bing, and fainting at tragic representations on the theatre, than weak, vain, and vicious *women of quality*, who can notwithstanding behold, if not create, objects of *real* distress (whom they might easily relieve) with the most *callous composure*? It seems no afflictions have power to move them to commiseration but such as are either *fictional* or *remote*.

Inferior people, whose morals are in general *much less* corrupt than those of persons of high rank, and who are not in a condition to think themselves secured by great possessions from the shocks of adverse fortune—these, though they are known to have a more sympathetic compassion for their neighbours misfortunes than the wealthy and powerful, are nevertheless, much less lavish than they of the *spurious pity* we talk of on *imaginary occasions*.

Wherefore whatever *seeds* Mr. *Sterne's Alexander* may have left, we need not be in the least surprized at not finding him become a whit the better, or more merciful man, by his "*weeping for He-cuba.*"

M

It

It very little matters, whether vices *intirely* root out the humane qualities or not, if these last have not sufficient stability and vigor to become *leading principles of conduct upon all important occasions*. Until they shall acquire this strength and consistence, a man, for any good he will do, may almost as well be without them. We do not find, nor does Mr. *Sterne* himself assert, that *Alexander* spared a man the more, for them *seeds of compassion* not having been all pulled up. If he did not, in the name of candor, what were they good for? Would it not have fared as well with his subjects, if he had never had any such *seeds* at all?

In a word, and to conclude this argument, it is not *speculative qualities, opinions, and sentences* that cast a *lustre* upon human nature, or if they do, it is a very dull and insufficient one: but *active and lively* sentiments of justice, which, in all circumstances, shall be found able to restrain a man within what even he himself acknowledges to be the boundaries of integrity and virtue.

tue. Unless a person employs the proper methods to acquire these, or has a serious purpose of doing so, he may, without the least loss to himself or the public, readily part with his whole store of "*wise saws*," of *speculative qualifications*, and even with those specious, but *defective*, qualities, which he sometimes puts in practice, since they are not, nor cannot be, upon all occasions, and in all possible circumstances, vigorous enough to be the perpetual guides of his actions.

As for the rest, if he be not an absolute prince, and even though he should, *fear* will always oblige him to keep more or less measures with his fellow creatures. For it is to this passion *alone*, and not to each others *philosophy*, *philanthropy*, *seeds of compassion*, or the like ridiculously *impotent checks* * that mankind

* "It is inconceivable," says Mons. *Esprit*, in the preface to his treatise intitled—*De la fausseté des vertus humaines*, "that the curious
"observers of nature, men who bend their ut-

kind are indebted for the peaceable enjoyment of their *lives and properties* in the midst of such *capricious and implacable enemies as they are all one to another.*

“ most application upon *studying and knowing themselves*, should not have observed, that man is NOT governed and conducted by *reason*——that *reason* with all its power and industry, CANNOT destroy *any one passion* that is rooted in the heart of man, neither by the help of age, nor by the influence of example, nor by the fear of evil.”

And—to cite *Seneca* once more—he, though in all probability an heathen, acknowledged—that—“ *Nulla sapientia naturalia corporis aut animi vitia ponuntur; quid quid ingenitum est lenitur arte, NON VINCITUR.*”

SENEC. EPIST

The force of truth has extorted from the eloquent Mr. *J. J. Rousseau* a concession to the same effect, though he is as seldom an asserter of the doctrine we defend, as of any other orthodox one—yet even he owns that——“ *In vain does calm reason induce us to approve or condemn; the passions ALONE can make us act.*”

EMIL. Book 3.

CHAP-

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

The good tendency of the doctrine delivered in this essay—with the pernicious effects of the false and deceitful opinions of our adversaries—An appeal to the very people these writers are daily flattering, against their poisonous and unchristian adulation.

MAN transgressing the ordinances of justice in an essential point has not, as is clear, that *love of preference* for it, which alone constitutes virtue. Not being *virtuous* and *just*, he can be nothing else but *bad* and *vicious*: for there is no intermediate state between *that* of virtue and *this* of vice. He is either *always* disposed to offer up every seeming advantage repugnant to virtue, even *life itself* at its shrine, and then, and *then only* he is *good*; or he entertains some one or more inclinations

incompatible with it, and then is he bad, in the only strict and proper sense of the word. And though there certainly are several *degrees* of vice as well as of virtue, yet to be talking to a person whom we just supposed faulty in a *material* transaction—to be, I say, haranguing him about his *goodness*, and I know not how many more *perfections*—is a base *betraying* of the truth—a cruel *mockery* of him one is thus flattering, and a likely means of always *detaining* him in the dreary desert of vice, which he can never quit while he suffers himself to be persuaded he is *rich, happy*, and in want of nothing there.

They, therefore, who prostitute their talents and industry to confirm him in these erroneous and pernicious sentiments, though they are his *flatterers* are not his *friends*. The wounds they who *really* love him give his vanity and pride when they strip him of the *stolen* habiliments his panegyrist had decked him in, are infinitely preferable to the *insidious* *bisses* of the latter. The first *strip* only the *better* to clothe him.

They

They point out his *nakedness* and *misery* to him, only that, disdaining the *tawdry* but *unsubstantial* covering of *human* virtue, he may put on the solid, rich, and inestimable robe of *charity*. It would indeed have been ill-natured to discover his *miserable* condition to him, if there were not *means* at hand for him to get out of it. But convince him once *effectually* of his vicious, and therefore deplorable situation, and the *remedies* proper for him to use will occur of themselves: or rather, the *first* and not the least considerable step towards a thorough *cure* is, to impress on his mind a *deep sense* of his distemper. Let him have this knowledge, and he will not be long at a loss for the means of *recovery*. He will immediately recollect that the physicians and medicines of *Gilead* are at his door; and that *he* who promises to heal all his bruises is even now knocking at it.

These are some of the salutary effects that commonly ensue from a *thorough* conviction of the *depravity* of our nature. It is then, that become sensible,

ble, it is not *in us* to work *good* or even so much as *purpose* it, we humbly turn to the *only* good Being, by whom alone we can be enabled to *will* and *perform* any thing *truly* virtuous.

Matters being then as we stated them, what *injury* has been done human nature, by evincing in a simple and unadorned manner, that every man not *actually* justified by grace harbours the source of *all* injustice, of murder, for instance, in his breast, ready, on a *certain occasion*, to burst out into *action*? Who will deny this? And yet this granted, all is granted. It is little material to inquire, *which* of a man's intemperate desires has been the cause of an atrocious deed. Sufficient, much too sufficient, is it to learn, that one or other of the irregular appetites can, at *any time*, make him forget all his *turgid* principles of benevolence and goodness; or at best, while the passion rages, can render these principles *barren* and *useless*.

Once more, we do not pretend to determine what the interest may be, that

that shall *infallibly* deliver up all mankind to acts of outrage and cruelty. Perhaps several hundred talents of gold could not engage *some* *fero* to be guilty of the manifest wrong we suppose : perhaps no sums of money would have the power : perhaps neither the passion of *envy*, nor that of *lust* could bring it to pass : but will not that of *ambition*? or if this is also found too weak, will not that of *fame*? or that of *fear*? If any can, then have persons so *vanquished* forfeited *every* reasonable pretension to the worth they are always *subdoulously* and *meanly* *petitioning* to be extolled for. And however ready many acute and otherwise sensible authors shew themselves, to countenance the mischievous *delusion*, by their endeavours to disguise and misrepresent these matters, yet the *general* ideas of goodness and justice are too deeply rooted in mens *minds*, empty as their *hearts* are of the virtues themselves, for these writers ever to be able to make palpable *injustice* pass for them. They may puzzle, but they will not convince even *those* they flatter, and who do all they can to *assist* the deception

tion. They may continue to ring changes, in their usual cant, upon *urbanity, fine feelings, goodness of heart, tenderness of disposition, delicacy of sentiment, and liberality*, which last always *fully* * atones with them for the most criminal excesses: they will not for ever meet people, who shall content themselves with such unmeaning or *ill applied* jargon. Truth, though for a season it may be obscured by *the arts* of seductive men, will at length recover its native splendor.

The simplest and most ignorant peasant will at once accede to the following evident proposition, to wit, that if any one to gain empire over the rest of mankind, or to be master of the wealth of the universe, takes away the life of the meanest individual, he who *does this* is really and truly neither *just, good, humane, benevolent, nor gracious*, how pompously and rapturously soever he may *discourse* about these qualities. The most unenlightened per-

* See most of the English comedies and novels published of late years.

son will likewise acknowledge without hesitation, that whoever is *ready* upon having his prevailing passion indulged to commit a similar act of injustice, is as far estranged from *goodness, benevolence, fine feelings, glowing sentiments* of virtue, and the rest of the *perfections* our adversaries have always in their *mouh*s, as the former.

If there be any man living who has not deviated, or on the supposition so often repeated in the last chapters, is not *ready* to deviate from *strict justice* and *honor*, let him step forward and complain, for *he alone* has been injured by the foregoing representation.

THE END.

E R R O R.

Page 60, last line but one, for *own felicity*, read *only felicity*.

Correct the punctuation in several places.





